

# See What a Difference in Your Figure *This Rubber Girdle Makes!*

The instant you put on this new girdle you look inches thinner and years younger. You get at once Fashion's straight boyish lines. But best of all day-by-day, while you walk, work or play, the useless disfiguring fat is gently but surely massaged away. Does away with diet, exercise, pills and old-fashioned corseting methods

HERE is a scientific girdle that slenderizes your figure the moment you put it on! That instantly gives you Fashion's trim, graceful lines, and actually reduces your waist and hips almost "while you wait"! Makes you *look* thin while *getting* thin.

For it fits you as smoothly and snugly as a kid glove, and is so constructed that it fits right into the figure and touches and gently massages every inch of the surface continually. See how it encircles the hips and *thighs* as well as the abdomen and holds them in. How it comes well up over the diaphragm and supports the muscles of the back and sides, helping prevent fatigue. Yet it does not shove up the bust as do some girdles or corsets! Observe the front cut-out which insures perfect comfort while you sit, work or play. And the special lacing in the back which makes it easy to adjust as you become more slender. Just one supple steel, judiciously placed in the front to allow greater freedom—and none to ride up and stick into you, or to catch you cruelly over the hip bones! The garters hold the Madame X firmly in place, so that while you enjoy maximum freedom of motion, your entire figure is held in firmly and the body is kept erect and well poised.

## Actually Massages Away Fat

The Madame X Reducing Girdle is built on scientific massage principles that have caused reductions of 5, 10, 20 pounds in an



amazingly short time. It is made of *steam cured*, resilient para rubber, specially designed for reducing purposes and strong enough to really hold you in. This rubber is the same kind prescribed by famous athletic coaches and health authorities for reducing. The *live* rubber gives a real massage, though you are unconscious of it.

With every breath you take, with every step, with every little motion it actually massages away the fat! And the constant massage causes a more vigorous circulation of the blood which also helps bring about a reduction in weight. Day-by-day you can take in the lacing more and more as you become more slender. You can wear with grace the slim straight lines that Fashion now decrees!

## Why Leading Stage Women Wear the Madame X

Step into the Madame X Girdle and you will readily see why all the prominent actresses are so enthusiastic about this wonderful girdle. It not only takes off useless fat, but keeps the figure slender and youthful looking. You can wear stylish, becoming clothes at once! It gives you immediately the smooth, straight, unbroken lines that add so much to the appearance.

Once you have tried on this marvelously light girdle, you won't want to take it off! You will be amazed at the instant comfort and improvement. See the Madame X Reducing Girdle for yourself. That is really the only way you can appreciate its unusual features.



### GILDA GRAY

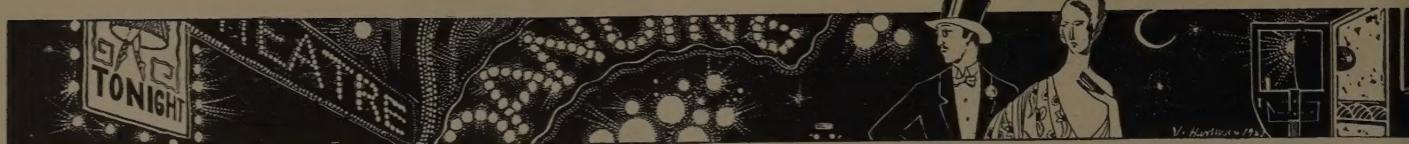
Famous Dancer and Ziegfeld Follies Star is enthusiastic about the Madame X Girdle. She says:

"The Madame X Corset does all that is claimed for it, and more. It is really a reducing corset that *reduces*, and so easily and comfortably worn, it is a joy as well as a benefit."

(Signed) Gilda Gray.

# Madame X Reducing Girdle

Makes You Look Thin While Getting Thin  
For Sale Wherever Corsets Are Sold



# The Tallest Roof Garden

*In the World!*

"Near the Starry Skies  
Away from the Stifling Streets"

ARTHUR L. LEE, Managing Director, has secured for your enjoyment, Ernie Golden, America's foremost exponent of super syncopated symphony arrangement, who has just returned from his most successful tour of the United States and Canada with some marvelous new arrangements and novelties. Ernie Golden will conduct his Hotel McAlpin Orchestra nightly on the Indoor Roof.

Spend an Arabian night beneath the canopy of the stars in Bagdad on the Roof, the new Mythical Oriental Garden Spot of the Air. A whirlwind of beauty and color. Virginia Beardsley and Marjorie Leet, late of the Ziegfeld Follies—will entertain. The famous El Patio Orchestra will furnish dance music for Bagdad.

Senorita Maria Montero, premier artiste from Andalusia, Spain, will dance nightly with Medrano, Argentina's latest tango sensation—an Exclusive McAlpin engagement. The El Patio Troubadors will serenade you.

**M<sup>C</sup>ALPIN  
ROOF**  
HOTEL M<sup>C</sup>ALPIN  
BROADWAY & 34<sup>TH</sup> ST.  
NEW YORK CITY

**CAPITOL** BROADWAY at 51st Street

World's Largest and Foremost Motion Picture Theatre

EDWARD BOWES, Managing Director

**DELUXE MOTION PICTURE ENTERTAINMENT**

CAPITAL BALLET CORPS

Mlle. Gambarelli, Ballerina

CAPITAL GRAND ORCHESTRA

Presentations by ROTHAFEL

**ARE YOU COMING  
TO NEW YORK?**

If you contemplate a trip to the Metropolis, write for a copy of THE PLAY GUIDE, so you may plan your theatre-going before you reach New York. Send four cents in stamps to cover cost of mailing.

**THE PLAY GUIDE, THEATRE MAGAZINE**  
2 West 45th Street New York

## THE PLAY GUIDE

*The Play Guide of Theatre Magazine is a guide for young and old, to America's greatest amusement center, New York City. Lest you lose yourself in the maze of good, bad and indifferent in this vast playground the Theatre Magazine offers you the clue of The Play Guide. Mark its sign-posts well! They will avoid your suffering boredom.*

AS for August, and August, in the city at least, is for roof gardens, those highly evolved modern products of an ancient civilization. They are one of the most important features in reconciling the native to remaining in the city through this month. And they are one of the main attractions which New York holds out to its visitors.

The most elaborate roof this summer, both as to decoration and entertainment, is that of the Hotel McAlpin, and Mr. Arthur L. Lee, whose achievement of *El Patio* won him the distinction of being termed "the David Belasco of the hotel business," is responsible for it. The roof is called "Bagdad," and Mr. Lee worked on it for over a year and had collectors in Europe hunting for the rare antiques which give it its riot of beauty and color. Among these are marvelously beautiful hand-wrought lamps of hammered copper, with inlaid enamel, found in Damascus, and hand hampered jardinières in brass, of ancient Hebraic origin.

### "IN BAGDAD"

BUT perhaps the main feature of the roof is the canopy of native bamboo enclosing it. To produce this there was not enough bamboo in the country, so Mr. Lee sent to Europe and over sixty thousand bamboo poles were brought in. The Hop vines growing on the roof had also to be imported. In Bagdad thousands of years ago the people dined and made merry on the roof, so in that respect the new "Bagdad" is related to its ancient ancestor. Up in the clouds, 350 feet above the street, this new Supper Dance place, where from time to time beautiful and unusual features of entertainment are offered, is as unique as anything in the city.

Next in elaborateness to "Bagdad" is the Hotel Astor Roof Garden with its Belvedere Restaurant. The Roof has been entirely remodeled and re-decorated for the season and its feature is Abe Lyman's California Orchestra, which recently closed a two-year engagement at The Ambassador Hotel in Los Angeles, and started East playing vaudeville engagements *en route*. This orchestra has been the pet of the moving picture

people out in Hollywood. We happened to be at The Palace the week they were there, when their personal appearance was preceded by an amusing screen one taken at Hollywood. The stars then working "on the lot," Blanche Sweet, Barbara La Marr, Monte Blue, Buster Keaton, and a crowd of others, were shown assisting in a tearful farewell. The Lyman orchestra certainly played delightfully and were full of music and personality, from the good-looking young leader down to the last member. They should be a great asset to the Astor Roof. Dancing will commence with dinner and continue throughout the entire evening each night during the summer.

### PUT IT ON YOUR LIST

PUT the Pennsylvania Roof on your list next. It is one of the nicest roofs. Twenty-five stories above the street, there is a beautiful view, and it is always cool on the hottest days. We like especially the happy idea of its *intime* little gallery running outside the dining-room proper, where tables are only for two. "How nice to be alone when there's somebody with you!" The well-known Vincent Lopez and his Pennsylvania Dance Orchestra play here nightly.

At the Biltmore The Cascades are flourishing with "Roger Wolfe Kahn's Wonderful Orchestra"—as it is billed—playing for dancing every evening. And The Waldorf is its usual charming self, holding the allegiance from year to year of a distinguished clientele. Its orchestra, which plays every night till one, is the Knecht, used so much for broadcasting this winter.

The Majestic has given up its roof and is going to feature its Grill instead, feeling that they can offer their patrons better service there than on the roof—keep them quite as cool and give them hotter food. From time to time there will be special cabaret features. Neither does The Vanderbilt go in for a roof, and dancing during the summer has been abandoned in the Della Robbia room, though this does not prevent it from being a particularly cool and attractive place for dining.

ANNE ARCHBALD



**NEW YORK'S  
NEWEST  
DINING  
DELIGHT—**

## The Medieval Grille of the

**Alamac**

71ST STREET AND BROADWAY

The Romance of Knighthood Days embodied in masterful decorations by Winold Reiss.

*Perfect Food and Service*

Most enchanting music in the Universe by Paul Specht and his Alamac Orchestra; Daily Dinner Dances and Matinee Dansants each Friday and Saturday.

Nightly from Ten—The CONGO ROOM atop the Alamac. "Most Unique!"



### Paramount Pictures

**The RIVOLI** Broadway at 49th St.

Rivoli Concert Orchestra

**The RIALTO** Broadway at 42nd St.

Famous Rialto Orchestra

*The Best in Photoplays  
And the Best in Music*

HUGO RIESENFELD, Managing Director

Newest  
Luncheon and Dinner  
Rendezvous

**PIPING ROCK**  
RESTAURANT

18 East 55th Street

Management of Peter, formerly Knickerbocker and Crillon, and C. Pani, formerly Colony Restaurant

Plaza 3551

Phone



© Hoppe

## CONTENTS for AUGUST, 1924

## SPECIAL ARTICLES

The Man Behind the Actors.....	Robert Milton	9
The Men Who Write the Hits, No. 1; George Kelly.....	Carol Bird	10
The Theatre of the Future.....	Babette Deutsch	12
"The Management Regrets to Announce".....	Jean Vernon	19
Are Critics Infallible or Just Nervous?.....	Stanley Rauh	20
Sex Plays on the Boulevards.....	Charles Henry Meltzer	22
Spoiled? Well, They Ought to Be.....		25
The Equity Fight—What Has It Accomplished?..	Burr C. Cook	43

## SPECIAL FEATURES

Editorial.....		7
Heard on Broadway.....	<i>L'Homme Qui Sait</i>	39
Mirrors of Stageland.....	<i>The Lady with the Lorgnette</i>	40
New York's Most Eclectic Cellar.....		48
The Promenades of Angelina.....		49

## ART FEATURES

Cover Design.....	Gesmar	
A Pose.....	Maurice Goldberg	6
Our Broadway Producers: No. 6, Mr. Lee Shubert		
	John Decker	11
The Ballet Dancer.....	Nickolas Muray	24
"During the Intermission".....	Helen Hokinson	29

## REVIEWS

Mr. Hornblow Goes to the Play.....		15
<i>Keep Kool, Innocent Eyes, Flossie, The Right to Dream, She Stoops to Conquer, So This Is Politics? The Locked Door, Plain Jane, I'll Say She Is.</i>		



IN OUR NEXT ISSUE: What will be next season's big sensation? *Hassan*—A spectacular dramatic poem and London's great hit, will be the first contestant. Read what Charles Henry Meltzer reports on the unusual play.

§ If you've laughed at *Meet the Wife* (and who hasn't?), you'll want to meet the author—Lynn Starling, humorist. A delightful personality story! § What are the managers' plans for next season? § Who are the high-lights in the summer shows? § Zelda Sears, author of a dozen successes, tells how she writes her hits. § Amusing cartoons and the usual wealth of beautiful pictures. All in the next issue—don't miss it!

F. E. ALLARDT, Director of Circulation

The publishers cannot accept responsibility for unsolicited manuscripts or drawings. If postage is enclosed, an effort will be made to return unavailable material promptly, but in no case are the publishers liable for damage or loss.

LOUIS MEYER | Publishers  
PAUL MEYER | Publishers

Published monthly by the Theatre Magazine Company, 2 West 45th Street, New York, N. Y. Louis Meyer, President and Treasurer; Paul Meyer, Vice-President; Henry Stern, Secretary. Single copies are thirty-five cents; four dollars by the year. Foreign countries, add 50c. for mail; Canada, add 50c. Title THEATRE MAGAZINE, registered U. S. Patent Office.

# Every big event in music is a reason for having a Victrola

Each season in succession new artists create a sensation through their portrayal of famous operatic characters and old favorites add to their multitude of admirers through their achievement of still greater artistic accomplishment. In the season just closed outstanding features were the performances of Victor artists. So it is year after year and has been for two decades. So it will be next year.

Victrola Instruments are made especially to reproduce the marvelous variety of Victor Records by the world's greatest artists, in twenty-one styles at from \$25 up—all identified by the Victor name and trade marks.



©  
Mishkin

PONSELLE  
Victor Artist

The voice of Ponselle is a story. She sings; she more than sings: she transforms situations and events into glorious melody. This is the more striking in her Victor Records; in playing such records as those given below we feel her presence walking across the stage of our imaginations on wings of sound:

	Double-faced
Aida—Ritorna vincitor	6437 \$2.00
Aïda—O patria mia	6437 \$2.00
Ernani—Ernani involami	6440 2.00
Forza del Destino—Pace, pace mio Dio	6440 2.00
Cradle Song (Brahms)	1002 1.50
Lullaby (Rossetti-Scott)	1002 1.50



Victrola No. 50 (Portable)  
\$50  
Mahogany or oak



©  
Mishkin

RACHMANINOFF  
Victor Artist

Rachmaninoff knows music; knows how to compose it, how to play it, and how it should be reproduced. It is significant that in the light of previous experience, he chose the Victor to reproduce his art. Of the twenty-nine records listed, none perhaps give greater insight into the personality of the artist nor of his profound genius:

	Double-faced
Prelude in G Major (Rachmaninoff)	6261 \$2.00
Prelude in G Minor (Rachmaninoff)	6261 \$2.00
Prelude in C Sharp Minor (Rachmaninoff)	814 1.50
Spinning Song	814 1.50
Polka de W. R.	6260 2.00
Troika en traineaux	6260 2.00



Victrola No. 80  
\$100  
Mahogany, oak  
or walnut



SCHUMANN-HEINK  
Victor Artist

To know the work of an artist and to know it well is to appreciate doubly the Victor Records made by that artist. Mme. Schumann-Heink has been heard by so many American audiences that unless her Victor Records were indeed her other self the discrepancy would be noted, not by the few but by the many. The fact is that intonation, interpretation, phrasing, these things on Victor Records are Schumann-Heink herself as the following records serve to show:

	Double-faced
Adeste Fidelis	829 \$1.50
Nearer My God To Thee	829 \$1.50
In the Sweet By and By	832 1.50
Sometime We'll Understand	832 1.50
Old Folks at Home	6277 2.00
The Rosary	6277 2.00



Victrola No. 215  
\$150  
Mahogany, oak  
or walnut



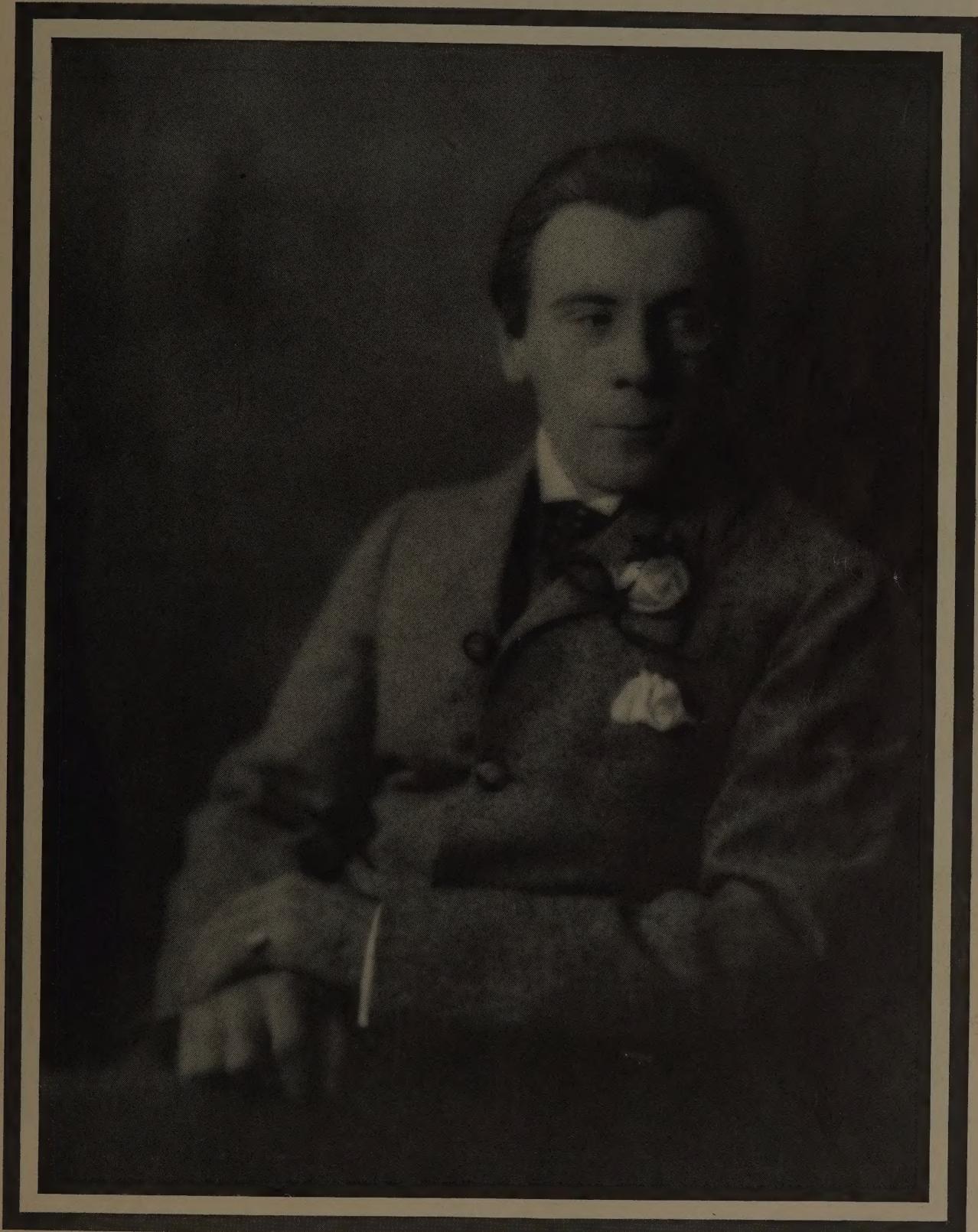
There is but one Victrola and that is made by the Victor Company—look for these Victor trade marks

TRADE MARK  
**Victrola**  
REG U.S. PAT. OFF.  
Victor Talking Machine Company, Camden, N.J.

# THEATRE MAGAZINE

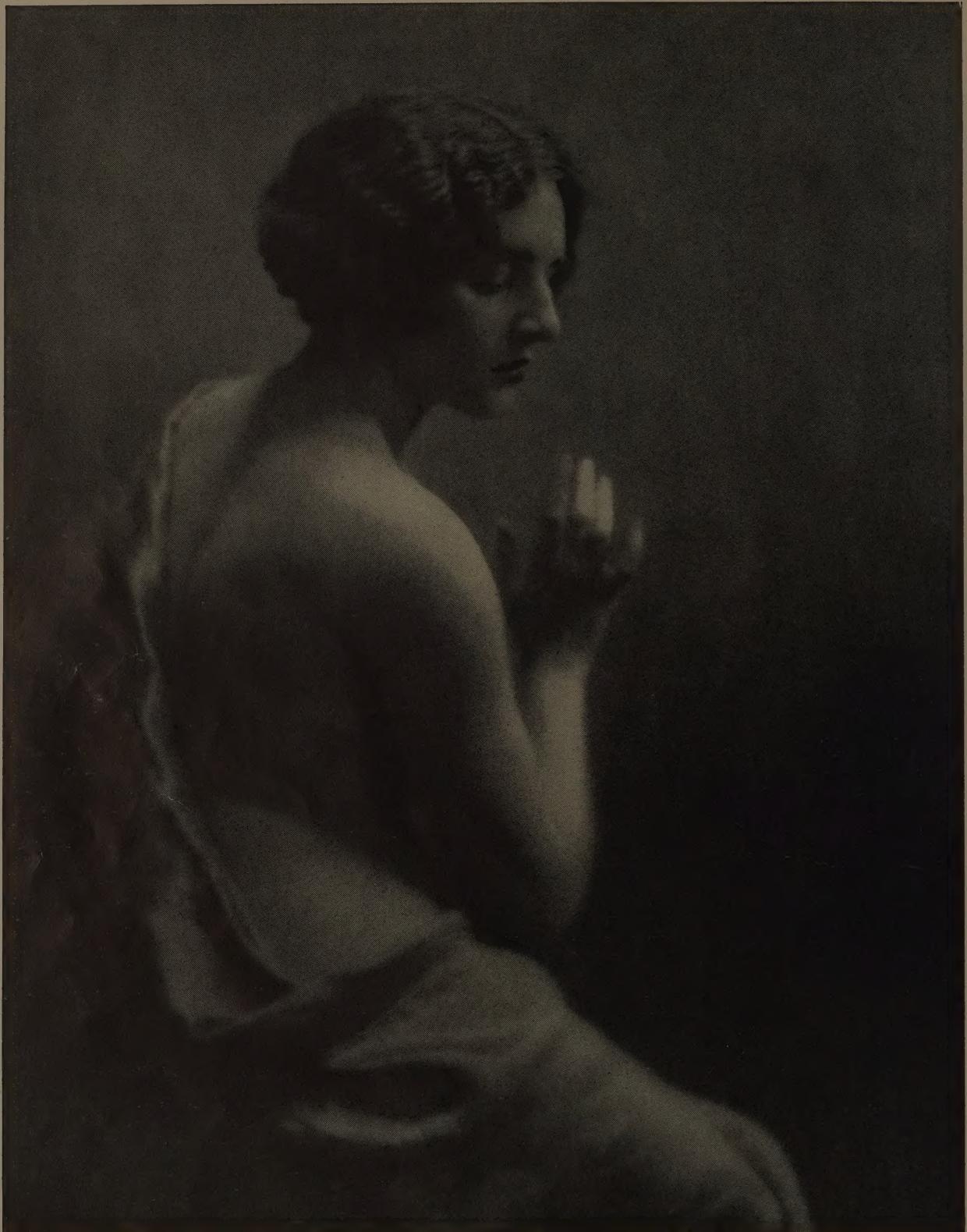
40  
VOL. XXXIX. No. 281

AUGUST, 1924



Maurice Goldberg

ROLAND YOUNG  
*As Judge Brack in "Hedda Gabler"*



A POSE

*Camera Study of Azya Kass by Maurice Goldberg*

# THEATRE MAGAZINE

ARTHUR HORNBLOW, Editor



## Olla Podrida

### *A New Play by What's His Name*

**A**GENTLEMAN named Shakespeare once formulated the perhaps unreasonable doctrine that "the play's the thing," and until comparatively recent years, ever since, in fact, our stage became grossly commercialized and the "star" aggrandized and exploited out of all proportion to his or her real merit, there was a tradition in the theatre that the author of the play was a person of consequence, entitled, at least, to courtesy and full recognition. To-day the author is the person least considered. When Big Business fastened its tentacles on our stage and the dramatic art became a mere commodity to be weighed in dollars and cents, the playwright was shoved aside as a person entirely negligible and the name of the star alone was blazoned forth on Broadway in electric letters six feet high. The author was kicked from his pedestal and the mummer usurped his place. To make a reputation for the actor, to create a public for him, regardless of his actual standing in the profession, nothing is left undone. Press agents with lively imaginations and facile pens are engaged to trumpet far and wide the praises of the new star. His every doing is chronicled. The public is given every intimate detail of his private life, including not a few scandals. So that to-day theatregoers—a sheep-like herd as far as their playgoing is concerned—no longer say: "Jones has written a new play. Let's go and see it." But instead: "Tottie Coughdrop has a new piece. Let's go and see her." The author? Oh, he doesn't matter. Who cares who wrote the blamed thing? If the stage director condescends to recognize the author at all and let him attend a few rehearsals it is the greatest concession made. He is allowed to have little or nothing to say about the way his manuscript is mauled. The dialogue is cut, the lines altered; sometimes the stage director, or even the actors, put in lines of their own. Verily, it is a wise author who knows his own child when the thing is at last given to the audience.

We print on this page a fac-simile of the program at the Thirty-ninth Street Theatre when *The Bride* was given its first metropolitan showing. It's a fair sample of the rough stuff that is being handed out to authors nowadays.

His name printed in minuscule type, crushed almost beyond recognition between the play's title and the name of the star, only the playwright, poor worm, can know the full measure of his ignominy.

Nobody wants to take from Peggy Wood any of the kudos that is rightfully hers. One of the most capable and delightful artists of our contemporary stage, she is entitled to all the special featuring given her and more. But even she—for she is nothing if not intelligent—will smile at the startling prominence accorded her name on the program and the wretched fate—almost total eclipse—that awaited the author of the play, whose only offense was to write it.

This is not an isolated instance. The ignoring and belittling of the author is a common practice. In the newspaper advertising his name is frequently not mentioned at all. It is not the actors who are responsible. They do not ask for the exaggerated

publicity given them. The managers alone are to blame, their poor judgment and lack of a sense of proportion.

### *Physical Discomfort in the Theatre*

WHEN a person pays three dollars for a theatre ticket he expects to get at least a comfortable seat in return for it. He does not hand over his money to the box-office for the privilege of sitting cramped in a narrow chair for almost three hours. He is of the opinion that physical comfort is as desirable as mental relaxation in the theatre. But many managers overlook this fact. While they are sometimes successful in providing diverting entertainment they ignore completely the playgoer's physical well-being. Narrow spaces between the rows, extremely small seats, badly upholstered, with broken springs—all these discomforts, found in many first-class theatres, combine to tire and irritate those who have gone to the play for respite from the toil and annoyances of the day.

It does not pay to conserve space and save money at the expense of patrons' comfort. Managers will some day learn this lesson. Those who pay present day theatre ticket prices will demand their full money's worth.

WEEK BEGINNING MONDAY EVENING, MAY 5, 1924  
Matinees Wednesday and Saturday  
JEWETT AND BRENNAN, INC.  
Presents  
**"THE BRIDE"**  
(Arrangement with Daniel Frohman)  
—by—  
Stuart Olivier  
—with—  
**PEGGY WOOD**  
Staged by Frederick Stanhope.  
Cast of Characters  
(In order of their appearance)

Program of the Thirty-ninth Street Theatre showing the relative importance of the author of the play and the star from the managerial point of view



Nickolas Muray

*Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne, his wife, who have been acclaimed two of the most brilliant and finished of our younger players, will appear together in the first production of the Theatre Guild's next season, "The Guardsman," by Franz Molnar, in which the leading rôles, moreover, are those of an actor-husband and his actress-wife*

# The Man Behind the Actors

Producer Guides Playwright and Player But Can't Make a Salvini Out of a "Ham"

By ROBERT MILTON

[The THEATRE MAGAZINE has asked Mr. Robert Milton, as one of the foremost living stage directors, to give his ideas of the state of theatrical production in America. This article comes at a peculiarly appropriate moment, inasmuch as Mr. Milton is about to enter the ranks of independent producing managers.—THE EDITOR.]

I AM firmly convinced that the next ten years will find the American theatre in a position of unrivaled power and importance. Europe has largely been sucked dry. The war has dealt the stages of France, Germany, Austria, and Russia staggering blows, while to a New York producer London today seems positively provincial. It is to America that the dramatists, and even many of the actors of Europe, turn with longing eyes. It is surely up to the American manager to seize his opportunity.

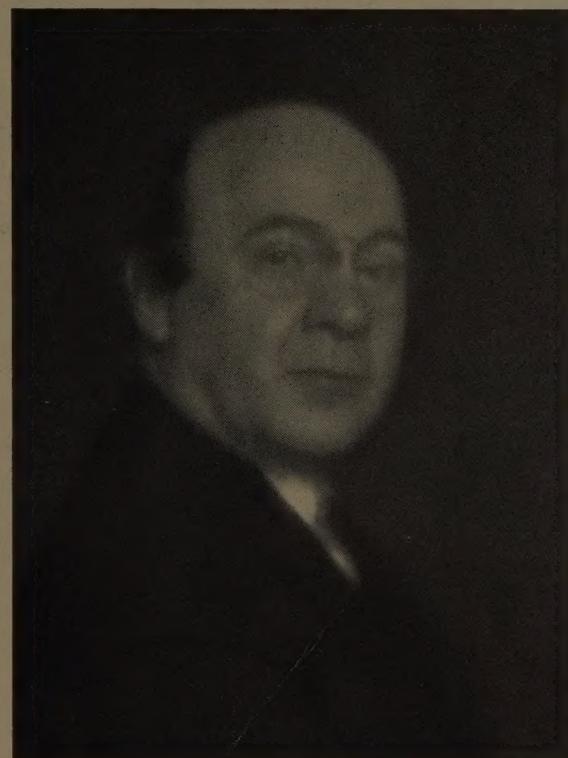
In the advance of the American theatre there are two potent yet distinct factors: There is the artistic experimental theatre, and there is the commercial theatre which also aims to be artistic. The experimental theatre is the path-breaker. Such a theatre does not require any large outlay of capital, nor does it aim to pay big dividends, and it is therefore free to busy itself with the expression of new forms of drama. Its function is necessary, and for its existence the commercial manager must be deeply grateful, for it permits him to take up and develop forms of drama which he would not dare to undertake unless they had been tried out and proved possible elsewhere. A commercial manager has too much money involved in a production to be able to make experiments which may involve a total loss. These experiments must be made for him; it is for him to carry them out with a greater perfection than would be possible in the experimental theatre, once that theatre has proven them feasible.

## BUT ART MUST TOUCH EARTH

YET, for all its usefulness, the experimental theatre can never be the backbone of a national drama, for drama does not become a vital art until it emerges from the laboratory and proves itself self-sufficient and self-supporting. The very fact that the experimental theatre does not have to be self-supporting is too often apt to turn it away from that contact with life without which no art can be vital. Like Antaeus, art must touch the earth in order that it may draw into its veins the rush and rhythm of life. Life may often be

rude and disagreeable, but is necessary to the great artist be he dramatist, actor, or simply producer. The laboratory method from its lack of contact with this harsh reality is ever in danger of becoming mannered and artificial.

The recent production of *Fashion* at the Provincetown Theatre has been a valuable object lesson in the change of popular taste in the theatre during the last eighty years.



Rabinovitch

ROBERT MILTON

One of America's most famous stage directors who is about to become an independent producing manager

In the forties the theatre, with the exception of the performances of Shakespeare, was a place of escape from life into irresponsible farce and equally irresponsible sentiment. This attitude toward the drama permeated all classes, even such a humanist as Oliver Wendell Holmes setting it down in black and white in his *Professor at the Breakfast Table*. No wonder the stage technique taught in those days was artificial. From the days of *Fashion* on the public's taste gradually improved, yet only a few years ago such plays as *The Prisoner of Zenda* and *Secret Service* were the hits of the year. But today the public wants life. Such successes as *The First Year* and *The Show-Off* are successes because of their fidelity to life, and even such a play as *Abie's Irish Rose*, despite its hokum, tells a very human story. In short, American audiences today are not satisfied with

theatrical tricks; they want either a photographic representation of life or a commentary on it, and for the projection of this the modern producer must possess one quality above all others—the quality of absolute sincerity.

It is, then, in the sincere interpretation of life that the modern producer finds his greatest gift to the theatre. Let him forget the merely theatrical and hold only to life. And in doing this how many old fetishes he will learn to discard! Take, for instance, the fetish of speed. How the old-time stage manager was forever trying to "speed up" the action! He speeded up the dialogue, he speeded up the business. He was forever getting his actors to talk faster or louder, or showing them how to cross and recross the stage. People were always talking about the *tempo* of the action, and most of their talk was pure nonsense. I do not deny that there is such a thing as *tempo*, for *tempo* is emotional life; only we don't get this feeling of life by physical speed. The real reason that a play moves slowly is rarely physical; it is a reason which goes far deeper and which lies at the core of the play itself. When a producer finds that the action at rehearsal moves slowly he must begin to analyze the play, to see where its construction or its psychology is faulty, and strive to remedy this by building up from the beginning. More often than not he will discover that the trouble lies in some insincerity on the part of the playwright, in his thinking in terms of the theatre and not in terms of life.

## THE PRODUCER'S FUNCTION

A PRODUCER is not a miracle-man. He cannot make a masterpiece out of a poor manuscript, or a Salvini out of a "ham." He is a co-ordinator, a developer, above all an interpreter. He must have common sense and he must be human. This last is one of the prime secrets of success at rehearsals. The day of the old bullying stage director is past, the director who strove to make his actors puppets. We don't want to have ten actors and actresses all trying to be the stage director, for every actor and actress has a personality which we must not violate but only seek to bring out of that personality the best it possesses. This is the secret of casting. A producer must choose actors whom he feels capable of interpreting the parts intrusted to them and then he must allow them to interpret them to the best of their ability by advice and encouragement. Of course, the producer must know the effects he wishes to

(Continued on page 64)

# The Men Who Write the Hits

No. 1: George Kelly, Satirist, Brilliant Young Author of "The Show-Off" and "The Torch-Bearers"

By CAROL BIRD

A new school of dramatists has appeared on Broadway. Practically all of the season's hits have been written by young and heretofore obscure dramatists. Among them George Kelly stands out prominently. Few careers in dramatic authorship have been as sensational as that of this young man who in two successive seasons has contributed to Broadway two of its greatest successes. The following personality story is the first of a series of intimate descriptive interviews by Carol Bird with the conspicuous figures among the wealth of new author-talent the season has revealed.

GEORGE KELLY'S hands reveal his character.

They are fine, expressive hands. They swoop about continuously as he talks. What he fails to tell about himself, they impart in gestures. They tell you that the author of *The Show-Off*, the outstanding comedy success of the past season, is a Sybarite, that he is a master of detail, that he always has an objective, that he is a bit indolent, and that he has occasional moods of depression.

I think now of those animated hands pinning their owner on a board. And visualize George Kelly, disembodied, standing afar off, murmuring in a detached manner:

"That Kelly fellow has a frayed cuff. I'll have to see his haberdasher."

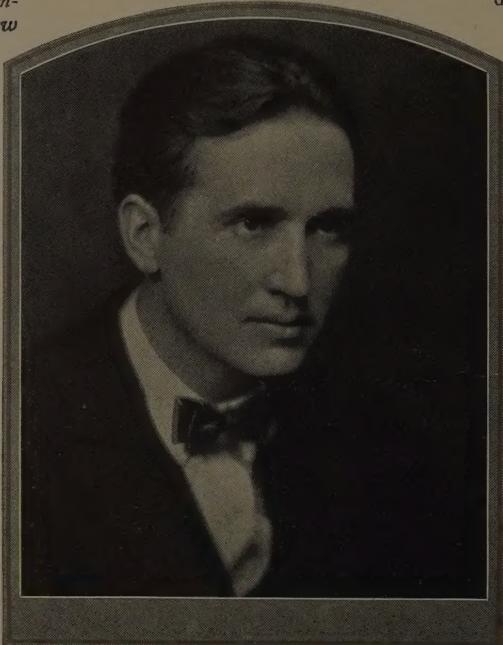
Or I see those well-kept hands holding a crystal ball, rather languidly, and George Kelly, on a high mountain top, aloof, but not lonely, gazing into the pellucid depths, and wondering how long this woeful existence must continue.

If you think that Mr. Kelly might represent this imagery, you are mistaken. He has confessed that it is possible for him to stand off and survey himself and others disinterestedly. He will be the first to chuckle over his own wrigglings on the board under the pin, and is certain to regard a personality sketch in somewhat the same class as a caricature. He will not expect it to flatter him unduly; will even be prepared to expect slight exaggerations of certain of his characteristics.

George Kelly, author of *The Show-Off* and *The Torch-Bearers*, is a member of that brilliant set of younger playwrights who are writing the hits on Broadway today. He is a personable young man, in his early thirties, tall, dark and slender. He has meditative dark eyes; full molded red lips; an alert, sensitive face; a slightly egoistic manner, singularly engaging. George Kelly is as much the actor as the writer. He dramatizes himself often. But the dramatization is never irritating or irksome to even an audience of one. For the writer

and the stage director are always somewhere in the background to pull up George, the actor. George, the director, warns him, and he bursts into self-mockery, which instantly banishes any fleeting impression which might have been formed that George, the actor, believes his place is center stage quite a bit of the time.

"This is Old Home Week for me," he laughs. "That's why I've got to keep on gabbing."



Muray  
GEORGE KELLY  
actor, author of vaudeville sketches, and now an outstanding figure among the young American dramatists

Or: "You'd think I was back in Moose Hall in Beloit, Wisconsin, with the fellow lodge members."

Mr. Kelly is a brilliant and amusing conversationalist. He has a pleasing way of speaking—apparently not for publication. This is a refreshing contrast to the manner of some men and women of the stage who, when being interviewed, expect the interviewer to sit with pad on knee, pencil poised, ready to jot down the verbal pearls which they unloose. Miss one pearl, and the conversation is unstrung. The interviewer must make a pretense of recording those unique remarks. So he dashes off:

"God save the King!" or "Per aspera ad astra." After which the interview ripples gaily onward.

During the interview for this article, Mr. Kelly talked of cabbages and kings and a hundred other things. Strawberries, for instance. And stage directing. Acting. How his plays germinate. The type of play he enjoys writing. Sophisticates. Mediocrity. Happy endings. Realism.

Poverty. Books. Russians. Riding. Golf. Philadelphia. Archaic play structure. The world débâcle and its effect on the play crop. Satire.

Where to begin?

Perhaps Mr. Kelly's view on the most stylistic of arts—the drama—with its varying fashions, will provide a good starter:

"The manner in which certain excellent plays, particularly those of satirical strain, were accepted by the public and the critics during the past season, is an encouraging

sign for young playwrights. I believe that the next few years will see plays which feature character delineation. Universal types will walk the stage. The characters in the new plays will be easily recognizable. They will be far different from the overdrawn, unreal stage creatures of the past. It will not matter whether they are fashioned after a poor chap like the show-off or after a millionaire's son. Human beings are much alike, rich or poor. When Mrs. Gilderbilt takes her incorrigible son Reggie to her room for a call-down, she talks to him, behind the closed door, a good deal after the fashion of Mrs. John Smith when communing with her bad boy Joe.

"We have had a deluge of foreign art, but I think this cycle has run its course. And the public has had enough of spectacles and pageants, which do not require acting, and call for very little stage direction. For the new type of plays, stage direction will be the all-important element. The stage director is actually able to make or break a play."

It was obvious that Mr. Kelly believes that, with the new type of play must come the new type of actor. He himself has had ten years' experience as a player. He directs all of his plays.

Said Mr. Kelly:

"The trouble is that actors do not get far enough away from—Theatre. They do not mix with people who possess a plexus of innumerable influences. Men and women in various walks of life, and in different strata of society, have their individual philosophy, whims, crotchets, mannerisms. If actors are going to faithfully delineate different rôles which fall to them, they must understand humanity."

"Often during rehearsals I know that little groups of actors are sitting around in corners laughing at my precision. They are amused at the way I stress details which they believe are inconsequential. They would prefer to follow an archaic play structure. They want all their lines and business clear-cut. The subtle shadings of word and gesture are overlooked. Many of them do not care to grasp a mood, analyze character. If only they could study the art

(Continued on page 54)



OUR BROADWAY PRODUCERS. NO. 6: MR. LEE SHUBERT

*The Patron Saint of the Chorus-Boy. Next: Who Popularized the Ostermoor?*



In Russia's revolutionary theatres the stage is uncurtained and set with wooden structures that give it the look of a crude gymnasium. The psychology of the revolution demands these harsh bare outlines, these platforms from which the mighty fall, this accent on construction for its own sake

## The Theatre of the Future

*Meyerhold, Famous Russian Communist Stage Director, Foresees the Downfall of the Drama as an Art*

By BABETTE DEUTSCH

*Moscow, June 1, 1924.*

TO go to call on Russia's leading stage director, at the height of Moscow's theatrical season, you walk along a boulevard bordered by white trees, where the only sounds are the occasional clang of a tram and the harsh cry of the *izvostchiks* as they drive their low, light sleighs over the snow-humped street. The name of Meyerhold decorates the front door of the house in which he and his studio are located, but as usual since the revolution, you go through the courtyard, piled with logs, in order to enter at the back door. The rickety wooden steps are narrow and winding and soiled by the marks of snowy boots. At the top stands Meyerhold, once Stanislavsky's right-hand man, then the magician of the symbolists, then the playboy of the Russian world, and now sharing with the fewest the high rank of "People's Artist," by decree of the Council of Commissars.

The man does not show his fifty years. He is big and broad, with a lean, long, rather equine face. His hair is rough, sand-colored and curly. At once he wants your opinion of his latest production: *Les* (The Forest). It is not at all the sort of thing you would expect this Protean *régisseur* to choose in his present mood. He selected the play partly to celebrate the author's centenary and largely because it offered material for his favorite theme: the conflict of two worlds.

On the one hand, you have the gentry: the lady who owns the manor-house, the general, the priest. On the other hand, there is the young servant girl, an intelligent, independent, human being, in love with the handsome son of a rich peasant. Meyerhold presents it as a rough satire of the life it depicts, exaggerating all the stage business, reducing the characters to types, and arranging the acts into disjointed episodes, each of which is announced on a screen above the proscenium in a phrase that mocks rather than explains the situations. His effort is to contrast the world of the masters with the world of the workers, by vigorously underlining the wickedness of the one and the virtue of the other. He has succeeded better with the first than with the second. The lady of the manor-house, screaming and fainting, holding out her hand to be kissed or her foot to be pedicured, is absurd enough in all conscience. But her pretty serving-maid, strenuously mangling clothes, or swinging like the tongue of an enormous bell on a fantastic swing taller than a maypole, is certainly engaging, but hardly representative of the dignity of labor. Color is added to the piece by the *coiffeurs*: the general wears pea-green whiskers, an oily-tongued priest appears in a wig of brassy mail and a beard of thin gold fringe; the ladies have head-dresses of violent red, orange and maroon, and a young gentleman bows a head whose neatly parted hair is the hue of a freshly painted park bench.

In *Les*, as in all the other recent plays put on by Meyerhold, you find an odd stew of satire, acrobatics and slapstick comedy. Indeed, what he calls "Chaplinism" is one of the chief elements in his productions. You come in to face an enormous proscenium arch, bare of a curtain. The wooden frame-work is decorated with gymnasium furniture in the way of rope ladders, horizontal bars and a trapeze. On the vast, dreary, empty stage the members of the company who are doing the preliminary scene-shifting look almost as puny as workmen on some steel-framed building. The scenery assists this effect, for it consists of lean elaborate wooden-structures, which afford nice jumping-off places for the acrobatic actors. The spectacle of these clambering figures, and this noise of hammers has the elementary attraction which keeps crowds agape at scaffoldings. Thereby Meyerhold brings the theatre out into the street and brings the dynamo into the theatre.

To appreciate the direction in which Meyerhold is tending it is necessary to go back to the decade before the revolution. By that time Stanislavsky had brought the realistic method to the highest pitch of perfection. His quondam student and disciple, the young Meyerhold, led a reaction against realism and in favor of pure theatricality. He turned in his revolt to those periods in the history of his art where the element of play and of undisguised convention prevailed. He studied the

Italian *Commedia del' arte*, the elegant court theatre of Molière, the theatre in which Shakespeare hung up a placard: "This is the sea-coast of Illyria."

It was not the first time that Meyerhold had broken with his own past. As early as 1902 he had parted from Stanislavsky, and begun playing in the provinces. By 1905, the year of the abortive revolution, he had planned a "Studio" with the director of the Art Theatre, in which symbolic plays, of which Maeterlinck's *Tintagile* was the chosen example, were to be given in an unreal atmosphere of music and colored lights. But the armed uprising broke out, the Studio never opened, and a year later Meyerhold was writing to a friend: "The collapse of that theatre was my salvation." During those critical days he was living on the very streets that were piled with barricades. He said then: "That terrible week left a trace in my soul that will some day come to expression." Thereafter he moved like a pendulum between the capital and the provinces, now *régisseur* for the Russian Duse: Kommisarzhevsky, now breaking away to experiment in the country, where theatre-hungry people welcomed even the mystery plays and the sophisticated fantasies that were too much for the tired business men of Petersburg. He left Kommisarzhevsky because that actress had lost patience with a *régisseur* who was, she claimed, reducing her stage to a marionette theatre, and he was finally given a free hand in the Imperial Alexandrinsky and Mariinsky theatres. Just before the war Meyerhold perfected his version of Lermontov's *Masquerade*, which he only produced immediately before the revolution, and which was a triumph of "theatrical" method.

But already Meyerhold was becoming impatient with theatricality. He felt, moreover, that the *commedia del' arte* was remote from the native scene, and that if it had its own tune to play, the tune must be transposed into a new key to suit the Russian ear. He hit upon the *balagan* as the essence of what he was trying for. The *balagan* is the Russian Punch and Judy, the small circus, the show-booth in



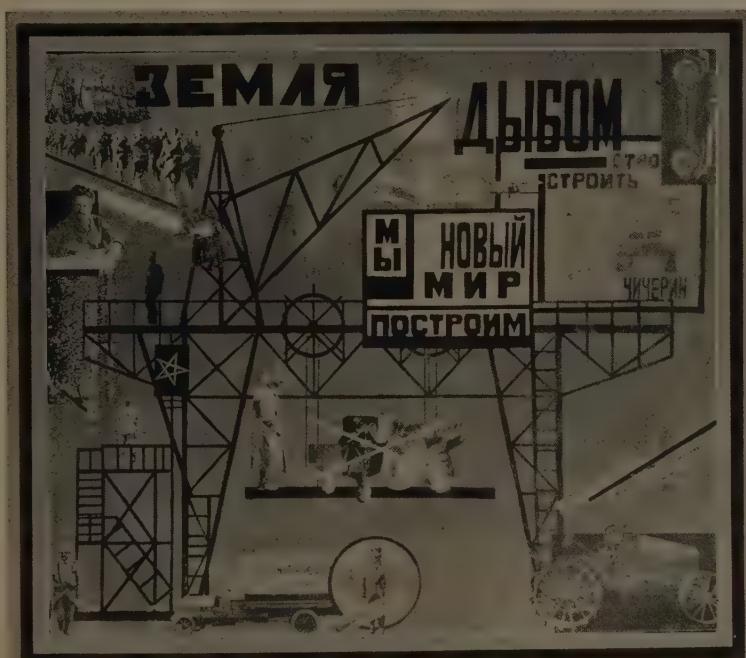
Scene in Meyerhold's production *Les* (The Forest) an odd stew of satire, acrobatics and slapstick comedy

the market-place. Meyerhold claims that the elements of the *balagan* are to be found in the Russian Shakespeare: the poet Pushkin. They are also to be found in the work of Charlie Chaplin, to whose genius Meyerhold accords the deepest admiration and respect. At all events, the *régisseur* was taking the theatre out into the public plaza, to be the wonder and admiration of the gaping peasantry, just when the revolution was bringing him a totally new audience.

It is hard for a Western theatregoer, hard for a Western playwright or producer or critic to picture the contemporary Moscow audience, which is, certainly, a good deal more cosmopolitan than it was a few years ago, when the revolution was in its infancy. It is a soberly dressed lot that you see to-day even in the brocade and

which looks so like a uniform; the girls handle their futile opera-glasses with an interest that proves them to be a new and wonderful acquisition. This audience, recruited from what the Western world calls the "lower classes," and what in this proletarian Republic is nominally the governing class, is not simply a group of untutored people, but, it must be remembered, it is a group of people who have endured a war, a revolution, a series of civil wars, a blockade and a famine, all within ten years. It has matured in an atmosphere as foreign to the youth of the United States as the atmosphere of France just before the Napoleonic era. It has no traditions, it has no background. It is like a set of children, enjoying horseplay with far greater zest than that other set of children which one finds in a moving-picture palace at home, because it translates this rough and tumble comedy into the terms of the crude metamorphoses of revolution. No circle of medieval peasants, to whom the crows around the gibbet were as daily a sight as the priests around the church, was ever better fitted to enjoy the type of play that Meyerhold now wanted to put on his stage. But this is a medieval audience with a difference. It has the same lust for life and familiarity with death. But it has as well a sense of our modern world, with its dependence upon the machine and its alignment of the kept classes and their keepers on either side of the wall.

Nowhere do you feel this so emphatically as in Meyerhold's production  
(Cont'd on page 56)



Designs for the recent production of *The Earth Rearing*, a crude, vulgar piece, which glorifies Trotzky, ridicules international politics and ends on an unexpectedly tragic note

Peggy Wood,  
as the bride,  
invades a bachelor apartment  
and begs to be  
hidden and  
protected from  
a loveless mar-  
riage



—jewels dis-  
appear and  
there are melo-  
dramatic com-  
plications in-  
volving the  
police. (Jeff-  
erson Lloyd as an  
officer)



Her champions (Donald Cameron and Ferdinand Gottschalk) become wholly captivated by her grace and charm; but—

Of course, suspicion points to the mysterious bride. But this exciting scene in the third act solves the problem. (Isabel Irving, George Pauncefort, Donald Cameron, Robert Harrison and Peggy Wood)



Photographs by  
White, N. Y.

## THE NEW PLAY

*"The Bride"—An Old-School Melodrama With Some Interesting Players*

# Mr. Hornblow Goes to the Play



## Keep Kool

Musical Revue in two acts. Book by Paul Gerard Smith. Music by Jack Frost. Produced by E. K. Nadel at the Morosco Theatre May 22, with the following principals:

Hal Parker, Helen Paine, Jack Waldron, William Howard, Ed Tierney, James Donnelly, Hazel Dawn, Charles King, Johnny Dooley, Ina Williams, Dick Keene, Lon Hascall, James Kelso, Belle de Monde, William Redford, Rita Howard, Dorothy Van Alst, Walter Morrison, Jessie Maker.

HAPPILY titled for the heated term, *Keep Kool* is entertainment good and varied enough to warrant the belief that it will hold the boards of the Morosco until the first snow flies. It's as peppy and pulchritudinous and amusing a musical show as has been seen this season. It's a good deal better than most of them.

The piece is rich in comedians which, in a musical medley of this sort, is of course everything. There is Johnny Dooley—a host in himself—Lon Hascall, long a favorite in vaudeville; Charles King, who looks like George M. Cohan and imitates him to the life; Ed Tierney and James Donnelly, the nimble-footed dancing team; Ina Williams, the doll-eyed eccentric dancer, and many other Broadway fun-makers, not forgetting Hazel Dawn, who also has her admirers.

The ballets and the various acts are far above the average in merit. *Justifiable Homicide*, a playlet in eight episodes, provoked gales of laughter, as did also *At the Stage Door*, a sketch in which Dooley carries off most of the honors. *English As It Is Spoke*, with Dooley and Ina Williams and William Howard, is also a scream.

It would take too much space to enumerate all the good things. But tie a knot in your watch-charm. It's too good to be missed.

## Innocent Eyes

Revue in two acts. Book by Harold Attridge. Music by Sigmund Romberg and Jean Schwartz. Produced by Lee and J. Shubert at the Winter Garden May 20, with the following principals:

Mistinguett, Cecil Lean, Cleo Mayfield, Edythe Baker, Earl Leslie, Vannessi, Lew Hearn, Francis Williams, Ted Doner, Marjory Leach, Charles Howard, Frank Dobson, Vera Lavrova and others.

MISTINGUETT, a French music-hall dancer who specializes in fantastic head-dresses in the style of the late lamented Gaby Deslys, was a great favorite at the Casino de Paris. That was some years ago. It seems late in the day to make her first appearance in New York. Mistinguett is no longer young, nor either as a singer or dancer can she com-

pete with a dozen native musical revue queens who are applauded daily on Broadway. Her voice lacks freshness, nor is she overabundantly endowed as regards looks. Whatever artistry may be in her work, it seldom rises above the level of mediocrity. Exception must be made in the case of one feature of her present program. In the little tragedy of barge life, in which she does her famous Apache dance, she showed considerable ability as a pantomimist. This act

## Flossie

Musical comedy in two acts. Book and score by Armand Robi. Produced by Charles Mulligan at the Lyric Theatre June 3, with this cast:

Marie, Jeanne Danjou; Mr. Van Cortland, Harry McNaughton; Nellie, Mildred Kent; Bessie, Alice Cavanaugh; Flossie, Doris Duncan; Archie, Sydney Grant; Senior Don Ribeiro, Robert Mamelich; Tommy, Jack Waldron; Mrs. Van Cortland, Rose Kessner; Peggy, Jane Van Rein; Flick and Flock, Handers and Millis; Uncle Ezra, Shep Camp.

## Mr. Hornblow Specially Recommends:

BEGGAR ON HORSEBACK—Amusing and novel satire on big business and modern society, acted with much humor by Roland Young.

CYRANO DE BERGERAC—Fine pictorial revival of Rostand's famous romantic play. Splendidly acted by Walter Hampden and brilliant cast.

EXPRESSING WILLIE—Amusing comedy of American life, acted by an exceptional cast.

SAINT JOAN—Fine historical drama by Bernard Shaw.

MEET THE WIFE—Amusing farce-comedy with Mary Boland at her best.

I'LL SAY SHE IS—Uproariously funny musical show with the Marx Brothers.

SPRING CLEANING—A smart, sophisticated comedy.

THE SHOW-OFF—Louis John Bartels does admirable acting in the title rôle of this tremendous comedy-success.

afforded a genuine thrill. But chief reliance for attracting the public seems to be the wearing of glittering costumes, with fancy head-dresses surmounted with incredibly high feathers. When she makes her entrance trailing these behind, the effect is striking enough to arrest attention. But one wants something more than feathers. There were other young and dainty little dancers in the cast whose pin feathers were far more attractive than the bushels of ostrich plumes which the French actress displayed. Her mature figure and sophisticated manner, increased and enhanced as it was by her feathery fineness, could not stand up in contiguity with the fresh graces of the young American gazelles who gamboled through this bright new revue.

Then Mistinguett had competition in other ways. First there was Vannessi, a dark dancer, a talented sprite, whose sinuous dancing was the best seen on Broadway in a long time. Then there was Cecil Lean and Cleo Mayfield, clean-cut and popular Broadway entertainers. And funny Lew Hearn and Charles Howard. And the demure and sweet-voiced Vera Lavrova. To say nothing of Edythe Baker, the piano jazz wizard. Not to mention the numerous little chicks who danced about, displaying their bare little knees and tummies in a gay spirit of abandon.

The orchestral arrangements by Alfred Goodman, who always directs an orchestra with a great deal of verve, were well conceived, and the musical theme of the Revue, and one which gave to it its name—*Innocent Eyes*—is sure to be a song hit of the season.

THIS early summer musical comedy achieved one dubious distinction. It had the most banal book of any play of the season. The dialogue was crude beyond belief. The action consisted of a man disrobing on the stage and running around in his underwear. There were also the antics of several young men who are shooed into a young girl's bedroom by her guardian, under the impression that she is married to one or more of them. In addition to its vulgarisms, the book was filled with bromides. "That isn't a gentleman. He's my husband," twittered one of the young women in the cast.

The chorus was sprightly and the members all high kickers. There was a pair of slickers, Handers and Millis, who juggle their derbies and reveal other neat vaudeville tricks. And Paul Specht's Lido Venice Orchestra jazzed up the dancing and singing. But, notwithstanding these assets, *Flossie* can hardly hope to survive because of a terrible book and a mediocre cast of principals crowded into the background by a rather exceptional jazz chorus.

## The Right to Dream

Drama in three acts by Irving Kaye Davis. Produced by S. K. and B. S. Knauer at the Punch and Judy Theatre May 26, with the following cast:

Mrs. Anna Hermuller, Augusta Burmester; Sylvia Emerson-Dean, Bertha Broad; David Dean, Ralph Shirley; Typewriter Clerk, Edward Colebrook; Mrs. Ethel Emerson, Marion Barney; Dr. Emil Meyer, Sardos Lawrence; Edward R. Steele, James Hughes; Milkman, George Jones.

IT is amazing to find people ready to risk their money and waste time and energies on the production of plays that, even to the merest tyro, must have appeared from the outset absolutely futile and hopeless. Such a play is *The Right to Dream*, the author of which is said to be the husband of Miss Bertha Broad, who played the principal rôle.

The play is a sordid and depressing tale of one of life's failures. David Dean, an *intellectuel*, dreams of writing a great play which will lift him and his devoted young wife out of grinding poverty. But the theatre managers

are unresponsive and, to keep the wolt from the door, David accepts a position on a cheap magazine—wretched hack work which only brings a realization of his own failure. Unable to stand the blow to his pride, he shoots himself.

Bertha Broad, hailed some time ago as the ideal Juliet, has a pleasing personality, added to unusual intelligence. Her most valuable assets are an easy and natural manner and a cultured voice, which she uses well. In such opportunities as the play afforded, she displayed dramatic power of no mean order. She deserves a better opportunity on Broadway than this play affords.

It is not easy to guess why an Englishman was selected to play the American author-husband. Mr. Ralph Shirley's London intonation distinctly jarred with Miss Broad's more cosmopolitan speech and struck a false note.

### She Stoops to Conquer

The Goldsmith comedy, revived for one week only by the Players' Club, presented at the Empire Theatre with the following distinguished cast:

Sir Charles Marlow, Frazer Coulter; Young Marlow, Basil Sydney; Squire Hardcastle, Dudley Digges; George Hastings, Paul McAllister; Tony Lumpkin, Ernest Glendinning; Diggory, Henry E. Dixey; Roger, A. G. Andrews; Dick, John Daly Murphy; Thomas, Theodore Babcock; Jeremy, Francis Wilson; Stingo, Maclyn Arbuckle; Slang, J. M. Kerrigan; Mat Muggins, Milton Nobles; Tom Twist, Robert McWade; Aminadab, Harry Beresford; A Farmer, Augustin Duncan; A Postilion, John Davenport Seymour; Mrs. Hardcastle, Effie Shannon; Kate Hardcastle, Elsie Ferguson; Constance Neville, Helen Hayes; A Maid, Pauline Lord; A Barmaid, Selina Royle.

THE fag-end of a theatre season is not the most opportune time for revivals. Theatre-goers are weary and are recuperating before the new crop of plays is ready for harvest. Yet at this crucial time archaic dramatic creations of a century or so ago are being dragged out of the dead past in quick succession. The Players seized upon Oliver Goldsmith's *She Stoops to Conquer* for their third annual classic revival. Its cast is distinguished, but this is to be expected in a revival which never could be reborn with an ordinary cast.

There is a quaint flavor to the idea of such favorites as Henry Dixey, Francis Wilson, Pauline Lord, Elsie Ferguson, Helen Hayes and Effie Shannon being cast in the rôles of characters of an aged comedy. It adds zest to the entertainment, particularly when some of the stars play insignificant parts, such as barmaids and sleeping farmers. Only this unique touch makes it possible for theatregoers of this year 1924 to keep from lapsing into a soporific state during revival performances.

Oliver Herford's prologue, spoken with sly innuendo in the character of George Bernard Shaw, was a high-light of the evening. So was the performance of Ernest Glendinning as the boisterous Lumpkin. The strutting of the arrogant young Marlow, as interpreted by Basil Sydney, in resplendent blue satin and lace, was an entertaining bit. But the laughs were provoked by Henry Dixey in the rôle of a country bumpkin servant, and by Francis Wilson, as another scarecrow menial in his cups.

The exceptionally strong cast appeared to enjoy immensely the fun of getting together for a week of frolic in a dramatic vehicle of the past.

### So This Is Politics?

A comedy in three acts by Barry Conners, presented at Henry Miller's Theatre on June 16, with the following cast:

Willie Marsden, Dwight Frye; Nina Buckmaster, Marjorie Gateson; Mrs. Cliff Collender, Lolita Robertson; Mrs. Lucretia Aswell, Florence Earle; Mrs. Amos Woodruff, Marion Dyer; Elizabeth Moore Madison, Alice Fleming; Mr. McKenna, William Courtleigh; John Buckmaster, Glenn Anders; Brooks Cadwell, John F. Morrissey.

THIS dramatic dish has obviously been concocted and served to please the delegates to the Democratic convention. It is savorless dramatic fare for non-politicians. Apparently Barry Conners, the author, put the play together in a hurry to have it ready for the opening of the convention. It is supposed to be an *exposé* of the workings of the typical political machine, but its plot lacks plausibility.

For no particular reason, a foolish and super-feminine woman is thrown into a mayoralty race. She makes a blooming idiot of herself in a dozen different ways, none of them amusing. She selects a woman campaign manager whose conversation is confined to six words: "You got to be brave, dear." The reiteration of this inane remark is not funny, but irritating.

The political quips of this mediocre play may tickle the risibilities of delegates to the convention, but the play's effect on any other kind of an audience is yawn-promoting.

William Courtleigh is happily cast as the blarneying Irish ward boss.

### The Locked Door

A comedy by Martin Lawton, presented at the Cort Theatre by Jacob A. Weiser and Bela Blau with the following cast:

Henri, John Davidson; Marie, Hortense Alden; Muriel Walling, Florence Shirley; Richard Walling, Charles Trowbridge; Julie Babbington, Eleanor Woodruff; Frank Babbington, Reginald Mason.

THIS bedroom farce is fashioned for the rabble. It is made after the recipe of *The Rubicon* and *The Demi-Virgin*. Its principal defect is overwhelming dullness. The only novelty is that the bed, on which the author focuses all the lines, is off-stage.

The play is built up around a pair of honeymooners and their bridal night. All the old wedding-night flub-dub is there. Those in the cast do everything but ask the couple: "How do you like married life?" The innuendos are of the kind that appeal to men and women who nudge each other in the theatre and laugh uproariously at shady quips.

The bridegroom of this play is a romantic. On his bridal night, he snatches the wedding-ring from his wife's finger and asks her to help him pretend that they are not married. They are lovers and always will be, he exults. Marriage will not take all the mystery and glamour out of their association. He urges his bride to keep him on the hunt, to always let him face the closed door—the door of mystery and enchantment. His bride, a baby-chattering little silly, is literal-minded. She retires and closes and locks the door on her bridegroom, but first plays a game of chess with him, to see whether or not she will permit him to join her in the nuptial chamber. He loses. While they are playing, she repeatedly remarks coyly: "Keep your mind on the game."

The play is as badly acted as it deserves to be by a cast which does not appear to recognize the hopelessness of the material.

### Plain Jane

A musical comedy. Book by Phil Cook and McElbert Moore; Lyrics by Phil Cook; Music by Tom Johnstone. Presented at the New Amsterdam Theatre on May 12, with the following cast:

Jane Lee, Lorraine Manville; Mrs. McGuire, Alma Chester; Kid McGuire, Joe Laurie, Jr.; Rollins, John M. Troughton; Julian Kingsley, Ralph Locke; Countess Suzanne D'Arcy, Helen Carrington; Pierre, Lew Christy; Lord Gordon Hemmingsworth, Charles McNaughton; Ruth Kingsley, Marion Saki; Buddy Smith, Herbert Hoey; Dick Kingsley, Jay Gould; Happy Williams, Dan Healy; Little Miss Ritz, May Cory Kitchen; Champ Kelly, Allie Nack; Kelly's Second, Jack Gerrard; Referee, Jack Stanley; Stenographer, Pearl Howell; Japanese Doll, Edna Coigne; Spanish Doll, Liane Mamet; Russian Doll, Pearl Howell; Hawaiian Doll, Pauline Williams.

THIS is a good summer musical show which breaks away from not a few of the iron-clad musical comedy traditions. Some bright and lively comedy is contributed by Joe Laurie, Jr., and a novel and amusing prize-fight occurs in the second act.

Lorraine Manville, a charming, finely bred and gifted young dancer, makes her début as a Broadway leading lady. It has a pert and playful chorus and several fresh ideas. Not a bad bet, as musical comedies go.

There is grace, youth, beauty, novelty and humor enough to make *Plain Jane* give promise of a pleasant summer run, and the tunes which punctuate her bright career already show signs of wide popularity.

### I'll Say She Is

A musical comedy revue. Book and Lyrics by Will B. Johnstone; Music by Tom Johnstone. Presented by James P. Beury at the Casino Theatre on May 19, with the following principals:

Edward Metcalfe, Crissie Melvin, Herbert Marx, Leonard Marx, Julius H. Marx, Arthur Marx, Frank J. Corbett, Phillip Darby, Edgar Gardiner, Hazel Gaudreau, Alice Webb, Florence Hedges, Lotta Miles, Melvin Sisters, Cecile D'Andrea, Harry Walters, Bower Sisters, Ledru Stiffler, Jane Hurd, Alice Webb, Marcella Hardie.

ONE of the funniest music shows which has arrived on Broadway in some time, thanks to the exquisite low comedy of the four giddy Marx gentlemen. It is their show. A few girls, a very little scenery, a mildly entertaining Miss Lotta Miles, she of the tire ads. The show is all Marx, but there is not a surfeit of them. Arthur Marx, the pantomimist, is the undisputed genius of the family. But they all are talented and inspired clowns. The comedy is not of a high genre. There are trick habiliments and certain ribald situations. But the laughs are hearty and continuous, and the show merits the great hit it has made.

Much of the comedy is that familiar to the Marx Brothers' large vaudeville following. One incident, the departure of suspicious Napoleon for the war, how he constantly maneuvers to forget his sword and rush back for it, surprising Josephine, is especially amusing. Julius shines especially as the frantic general, who arrives always just too late to get the goods on the empress. Leonard here does some remarkable and entertaining piano playing, and Arthur plays wonderfully upon a harp.

No admirer of splendid low comedy should miss *I'll Say She Is*.



Goldberg

JIMMY SAVO AND FRED ALLEN

The featured buffoons of Shubert's *Vogues* came out of vaudeville and landed solidly among our leading low comedians.



*White*  
CLIFTON WEBB

In the brilliant farce, *Meet the Wife*, plays a very aesthetic young man with delicious and captivating humor



*White*

JOHNNY DOOLEY AND INA WILLIAMS

The popular comedian is abetted in his fun-making in *Keep Kool* by the irresistibly silly and amusing Miss Williams, also kidnapped from the two-a-day



THE CHARLOT TRIO

Beatrice Lillie and Gertrude Lawrence, gifted exponents of their respective low and delicate comedy, with Nelson Keys, who lately has joined them in their delightful English Revue

"IT IS TO LAUGH!"

*These Gifted Comedians Make the Broadway Summer Bright and Merry*



MARY YOUNG

This charming and intelligent actress plays the mother who dances blindly, furiously, toward a rude awakening that she has been deceiving herself, that she really is on the shelf, and then achieves a delicate and absorbing re-adjustment.



HELEN HAYES

Whose rise has been sensational, plays the pert and impudent flapper daughter who also has been swept into the fast whirl of smart society. Miss Hayes' finished mastery of flapper rôles is here dedicated to one of the gayest of her career.

*Muray*

#### "DANCING MOTHERS" WILL FEATURE TWO FINE ACTRESSES

*Leads in the New Edgar Selwyn-Edmund Goulding Drama of these Wild and Wooly Times*

# "The Management Regrets to Announce—"

*A Revelation of the Astonishing Gifts and Unusual Temperament of the Professional Substitute for Stars*

By JEAN VERNON

**T**HREE are few who see a star *au naturel*.

To her audiences she is magnetic, inaccessible, gifted, lighted by a blaze of glory. To her mother she will always be "my little girl." To her managers, if she is not only artistically but financially successful, she is a being whose every wish must be obeyed and whose career must be guided with utmost care.

But to her understudy—therein lies a revelation. For the understudy must know her star even as the star does not know herself. Every mood and mannerism must be studied; every trick of facial expression. The understudy must feel, must act, must appear as the star does. She sees a great actress at her best—and worst. When a scene has "gone wrong," when adverse criticism has been made, when weather's fair or gray—then the understudy sees—and learns.

Virginia Milliman has made an outstanding success of understudying. She has appeared for Jane Cowl, for Lucille Watson, Madge Kennedy and Florence Nash.

**W**HEN accident or illness makes it impossible for the leading woman to appear, "the understudy girl" is called, often upon short notice, to fill the vacant place in the cast. This requires a remarkable memory. In one season Miss Milliman understudied for twenty feminine rôles in four Broadway productions, every one of which she played at least once before the close of the season. She memorized a total of more than 60,000 words. The parts were as different as the stars themselves. Vampire, coquette, the lady of the old school, saint, sinner—she played them all creditably, sometimes appearing in different rôles at matinée and evening performances.

"I enjoyed understudying for Jane Cowl," Miss Milliman says, "but sometimes it was hard on the nerves. Miss Cowl is sweet, generously encouraging, and charming, but, as many stars are, temperamental. A few minutes before the curtain goes up, she may suddenly decide not to go on. This is, of course, a star's privilege, and to a large degree, the wherefore of an understudy.

"She often did such charming, impulsive things. Always, when I performed, there were flowers for me. The first time I played Mary Turner in *Within The Law*, when I returned to my hotel, I found the room banked with them.

**S**Ometimes I would receive the script of a play at two o'clock in the morning with the information that Miss Cowl might not play the following night, but before that time, she would have changed her mind. When A. E. Thomas'

play, *The Force*, was tried out in the Plymouth Theatre, Boston, I went on, the opening night, with practically no rehearsal and slight study."

Lucille Watson, Miss Milliman states, is of a contrasting type, statuesque and blonde. Her perfection of enunciation and diction are points which the understudy must master. Miss Watson's comedy is characterized by an underlying vein of whimsical sarcasm, difficult to imitate.

I thought would be most effective, hastily collected what accessories in the way of a bag, gloves, beads and other trifles were nearest, and made my way to the theatre. The prompter stood in the wings ready to offer help, but I did not need his services. I read all my lines without hesitation, most of them correctly. I was fortunate enough to get the laughter on comedy points. This was harder than to play the emotional scenes, for in comedy, the lapse of a few seconds will ruin a whole part.

**F**LORENCE NASH is delightful! She is a thorough-going little star. She never misses a performance unless it is absolutely necessary or she is too ill to appear. When I played for her she sent me warning as soon as she found that circumstances might prevent her from appearing at a given performance. She was thoughtful in leaving her costumes in readiness for me, and in having her maid there to help me with quick changes. Small things, true, but vital when one is playing a rôle for the first time.

"I've understudied for Madge Kennedy and Lola Fisher, too.

"Miss Kennedy is a comedienne who is very conscientious in her work. She has a trick of the hands that I found very hard to copy—indeed, she scored much comedy by the use of her hands.

"Hands, feet, poise and carriage, fleeting changes of mood and manner—these are some of the important points that the understudy must watch continually. If the star changes an interpretation of even one scene of a play, the understudy must catch the spirit of it. She must blend the tones of her acting with those of the rest of the company, which is difficult.

"Speaking of rehearsals, that was my chief difficulty as understudy. It is indeed unkind and unobliging for members of a cast to refuse to attend extra rehearsals for the understudy's benefit, for she is saving their salaries every time she goes on."

**U**NDERSTUDYING is a work in itself. Few actresses are adapted for it, for it requires not only a remarkable memory, but versatility, a keen ear, the ability to visualize parts without rehearsals and the ability to play them in the spirit of the company.

Of what must be one part, The Understudy Girl said not a word. But in this is one of the reasons why she is not only highly successful in her chosen work, but also is invariably one of the most popular members of every company in which she plays: the happy faculty of being a star one night and "just understudy" the next. One night there are applause, flowers, praise. Yet the next morning finds Miss Milliman as pleasant and unassuming as ever. Stardom, even for a night, has made no change in her.



VIRGINIA MILLIMAN

One of the most prominent and successful of Broadway's professional understudies—who has been called "box-office insurance"

"The first time I played for her," Miss Milliman continued, "was on less than three hours' notice. Miss Watson had been caught in a snow-storm. I had never seen the play in which she was appearing, nor did I know anything about the part. About six o'clock, as I was getting ready to leave for dinner, I was asked to substitute for Miss Watson at the Plymouth Theatre (this was in Boston, too). I wasn't attached to the company, but I was glad to do the best I could.

"I sat down and memorized the part, photographing each situation, each comedy speech, each bit of business, as best I could visualize it, on my memory. As I had never seen the play, the director told me briefly what it was all about, and gave me what 'tips' he could. Costumes I had none. Miss Watson's did not fit me, and I wasted no time in trying to achieve a fit. I used several of my own gowns which

# Are Critics Infallible Or Just Nervous?

*The Tale of Mr. Piggy and His Peevish Playmate—A Story for the Little Ones*

By STANLEY RAUH

LISTEN, my children, and you shall hear  
Of the midnight ride of Paul Severe:  
He rode the actors  
And he rode the play  
And he rode the author in the very worst way;  
He rode the music and he rode the set,  
And he said the piece was really all wet;  
And the story is as follows—

IT was a bright Fall day and the robins, which had not yet migrated Southward, were chirping merrily in the warm sunlight. Leaves of all hues fluttered about playfully, and it was good to be alive. Mr. Severe finished his bicarbonate of soda and rushed down to breakfast in an effort to make the 10:05. But the 10:05 was right on time and pulled out under his nose. Mr. Severe waited forty minutes for the next train. On the train he tried to read the morning paper, but a corpulent lady with a crying baby in arms sat next to him, and the baby insisted on putting its dirty hands all over Mr. Severe and his nice clean collar.

In the morning's mail at the office was a notice to the effect that his bank account was overdrawn and one stating that his mother-in-law had decided to pay them a visit for a few months. Besides this a little subpoena for jury duty. Upon leaving the office for luncheon appointment at a certain hotel he discovered that he had left his gloves on the train. Incidentally, the party with whom he had the engagement did not show up and he ate a hasty meal alone. In the afternoon he was severely taken to task for late Sunday material and had quite a variety of harsh words with the foreman of the print shop. Three life-insurance agents and one stock salesman called that afternoon and took up his entire time. That night he went to the Club for dinner but was informed on arrival that he was ten minutes too late to be served, and poor Mr. Severe had to call on Childs right next door, where the waitress playfully spilled a pitcher of maple syrup on his new scarf. Returning to the Club for a few moments' relaxation, a friend offered to drive him to the theatre that night. It was the opening of George Pshaw's great revue, *Drizzles of 1924*. On the way they had a flat tire and Mr. Severe arrived in a taxi twenty minutes late. A little quarrel occurred at the

box-office, which went something like this:

Mr. Severe: (to box-office treasurer, busy figuring his percentage from speculators). My seats—I'm late.

Treasurer: Name, sir?

Mr. S: What, don't you know who I am! Why, I'm Paul Severe!

## NEW REVUE IS ROTTEN

"Drizzles of 1924" is the worst revue ever perpetrated on the American public. What the people will stand for these days is a crime. The Messrs. Kalbfleisch and Zinderfeld must have found a quarter somewhere and hit on the idea of producing a revue. The entire performance moved as slowly as a waiter at the Astor Grill. The actors should have been dressed in period costumes in keeping with the jokes, and the settings were about as colorful as a Rose-land Hallowe'en party. Ab: Tamborino, the comedian, upon noticing that someone was laughing, sent for him to come back stage immediately in order to find out what he was laughing at. The Street Scene in Venice looked like the Erie Canal in 1812. Miss Schnitzel, the prima donna, had a voice that any truckdriver would envy and the Madame Yutzky and M. Shoofly tripped the light fantastic like a couple of cows who had just finished a pitcher of "Geneva" beer. The Hickory City Quartette composed of the tenor and three other guys, sang Stille Nacht, Heilige Nacht, or whatever it was that sounded like that, 464 vibrations off key. Miss Matzelschaff, who came out on a beautiful white horse in the great spectacular scene, *Conquerors of the Past*, was all right, but the horse didn't fit her. Cries of "Author," "Author," were heard after the final curtain, but fortunately he had fled. "Drizzles" was sad enough to provoke a lynching.

## "DRIZZLES" STUPENDOUS

George Pshaw's "Drizzles of 1924" is the greatest revue this country has ever seen. We think there is not one discrepancy in the long, arduous details of settings which unfolded themselves last night. Remember the date of November the 3rd for it shall go down as the opening of "Drizzles of 1924." Mr. Kalbfleisch and Mr. Zinderfeld are to be congratulated. The entire play moved as a rapid succession of colorful artistry. The fresh, delicate and satiric humor throughout was a revelation and we think Mr. Tamborino a very versatile and accomplished comedian. The settings were of most excellent taste and particularly the Venetian Street Scene with its pale moon reflected in moving water. Miss Schnitzel had charm and a rich mezzo-soprano voice. We also believe worthy of exceptional credit Madame Yutzky and M. Shoofly who danced their way into the hearts of the audience. In the second act the Hickory City Quartette received a worthy ovation and Miss Matzelschaff stopped the show in that stupendous scene, *Conquerors of the Past*. There will be many catchy tunes on phonograph and radio from the show. The final applause lasted ten minutes and great enthusiasm was aroused on the part of the first nighters. Cries of "Author," "Author," were heard but the author, Mr. Pshaw, was too modest to answer this praiseworthy acclamation and refused to take the stage.

Treasurer: Surely not Mrs. Ettler's little son Joseph.

Mr. S: Good Lord! Don't tell me you don't know Paul Severe?

Treasurer: Well, I thought I knew most of the Specs.

Mr. S: I'm Paul Severe, dramatic critic of the *Manhattan Transfer Standard Commercial Daily Times Union*.

Treasurer: Here they are, but they're in another name.

Mr. S: What the—\*\*!!!! That guy hasn't been with us since the last consolidation!

And the seats were in the last row, side.

Mr. Severe's comments as they appeared in the morning paper are reproduced in center page box, left.

BUT this little pig stayed home (the night before)

And put the day in right  
And he was feeling A 1 plus  
While at the show that night.

IT was a bright Fall day and the robins, which had not yet migrated Southward, were chirping merrily in the warm sunlight. Leaves of all hues fluttered about playfully, and it was good to be alive. Mr. Piggy finished his cold shower and came down to breakfast in plenty of time to eat his food leisurely, read the morning paper and sip a delicious cup of coffee. He was just in time for the 10:05 at the station. On the way in town a gorgeous sylph-like creature sat down beside him in the coach and they fell into an interesting conversation. In the morning's mail at the office were many congratulatory letters from his readers and also several checks from magazines for accepted material. Besides this, an invitation to a festive week-end party on Long Island.

At noon he lunched with a party of gay buccaneers at a certain hotel (which begins with a capital A), and in the afternoon the Editor-in-Chief sent him notice of a raise in salary to take effect shortly. In the afternoon several messenger boys called with boxes of cigars. Just presents from the managers. That evening he went to a private dinner-party and felt none the worse for a

few drinks. A friend drove him to the theatre that night. He got there in plenty of time to talk to everybody he knew before going to his seats, D-1. He not only was recognized by the leading comedian, who mentioned his name in toto, but was optically saluted by four of his favorite blondes who threw him canal boats over the footlights in the Venetian Street Scene. He also remembered a telephone number.

Mr. Piggy's comments, as they appeared in the morning paper, are reproduced in the center page box, right.

By the way, the moral of this little story is (and every little story of this kind has a moral)—

DON'T JUDGE A CABARET BY ITS COVER



Gilda Gray, strange, wild, inspired High Priestess of the Shimmee, adopts this wistful and bewitching pose for Edward Thayer Monroe. The white flame of ambition which drove this unusual Polish dancing girl out of the West to Broadway lights and adulation, now burns toward the drama. And in the fall she will still her eerie quiverings and embark on a serious adventure into the legitimate

# Sex Plays on the Boulevards

Brieux's "L'Enfant" Proclaims the Right to Motherhood Without Marriage

By CHARLES HENRY MELTZER

Paris, July 1, 1924.

ALL plays, which are not merely dialogues, are "problem plays." A problem is involved in every plot. Without a plot there could not be a play. *Hamlet*, *La Cagnotte*, *Frou-frou* and *Ruy Blas* deal with real problems, as surely (though no doubt much more agreeably) as the latest "shocker" of Eugene O'Neill.

But, in a special sense, when we speak of problem plays, our minds go instinctively to dramas and comedies of the type with which Dumas, the younger, Augier and Pinero (to name only three) were once identified. Among them I may mention three particularly — *The Second Mrs. Tanqueray* of Pinero, and the *Denise* and *Francillon* of the second Dumas.

For many years, the problem play proved popular in England, France, America, and other countries. French authors turned out fine *pièces à thèse* (their name for problem plays) by scores and hundreds. Before their appearance on the boards, and on the book-stalls, they excited the Boulevards. Once they became known, they were analyzed and argued about. Pamphlets were published, defending or attacking the contentions of the more famous authors. Parisians in those days took drama seriously. All Hecubas to them seemed living Hecubas. The wrongs and troubles of a stage Denise could make them weep, and other characters could make them laugh.

The critics wrangled and at times fought duels over fictitious issues raised by unreal creatures; while more than once a glittering theory caused riots in some of the best French theatres. Divorce and free love, countless puzzles bound up with the eternal triangle, the right of husbands to insist on knowing who were the fathers of their wives' children, the propriety or impropriety of tolerating unmarried mothers—these and like "problems" stirred up wrath and pity. In my green youth I watched the commotion that resulted from the claim of *Francillon* to the same privileges and standards of morality as her spouse, and the uproar which followed Dumas' eloquent appeal on behalf of his Denise.

AT times, from sheer love of virtuosity, French dramatists would write plays in which they shattered their own theories. One work of Dumas, notably, proclaimed it the duty of mere men to forgive the Magdalen, while another, some years later, preached the right of husbands to kill

guilty wives. But Dumas (the first Alexandre's son) cared less about the justice of his cause than for the chances it allowed him of displaying his superior style and wit. It mattered little to him on what side he fought, so that he aired his wit and set the public talking. In this, at least, he resembled G. B. S., who, as a teacher of

One, and the best of them, I think, is de Curel, who, in *La Nouvelle Idole* (a masterpiece) and *Le Repas du Lion* has dealt with matters of tremendous human interest, having little bearing on old-fashioned sexual worries. Brieux, like de Curel, sticks to the problem play. He lately scored a pronounced success at the Vaudeville with a comedy which he entitled *L'Enfant*.

Brieux, above all else, is a moralist. But he is modern, to a fault, although austere, and he refuses to be bound by ancient codes. His frankness he has shown in many plays, more especially, perhaps, in *Les Avariés* (Damaged Goods). On the other hand, even when most audacious, he shuns sensationalism. Nothing to which he has yet put his name quite equals, as an evidence of art, *La Nouvelle Idole* of de Curel, who, in that drama, set an example in construction comparable in the recent literature of the stage only to *Les Affaires sont les Affaires* (Business is Business) of the late Octave Mirbeau. Nor, as to construction, has he come even near to the perfection of technique which marks the two works I have just singled out as models. He has, however, handled in his *L'Enfant* a scabrous theme with skill and frankness.



Abbe, Paris  
Sacha Guitry, Paris' favorite Boulevard playwright, chatting with his actress wife, Yvonne Printemps

morality and a leader of thought, has rivaled and, indeed, outdone him in insincerity, in unreliability and in paradox.

Another parallel. The prefaces of the younger Dumas, like those of Shaw, had more value than the plays which they introduced. They taught one much, both by suggestion and by argument.

The adoption of divorce in France was a body blow to the long-favored *pièce à thèse*. Half the problems to which the playwrights of the Boulevards had devoted themselves concerned what Bourget terms "sentimental complications." The divorce law solved about two-thirds of them. The problem play grew less and less the vogue. Romance resumed its sway with Rostand, Moreau and Catulle Mendès. Farce became popular again. Irony became rampant.

Nowadays it takes an unusual dramatist — almost a genius — to put over what, in the narrow sense, we call a problem play. But, here and there, one still finds Frenchmen who attract and hold one with some work designed to prove or dispose an idea or theory.

TEN years ago or so, Brieux, who, as all know, is a member of the French Academy, was invited to become manager of the Théâtre Français. He told me at the time that he had declined the honor,

partly because he dreaded being dragged into a hot-bed of professional intrigue, and partly because he preferred inventing plays to producing them. His refusal was in certain ways regrettable. But, as it saved us one of the most able surviving exponents of the old *pièce à thèse*, we may be comforted. In everything he writes, even in his most candid dramas, he gives one the impression, not only of sincerity, but also of intellectual purity. No matter how outspoken he may be, one feels that he is not candid just for the sake of shocking one, but because he wishes to compel thought and awaken consciences. The man himself is grave and dignified — a thousand miles away from trivial vanities. I am confident that, before he allows one phrase of his to be printed, he has weighed it with a deep and serious sense of his responsibility. So, while I question whether American playgoers would approve of the defence which he puts up for this theory of his latest play, I am equally confident that they would consider it respectfully.

(Continued on page 62)

This is the Barrymores. You've heard of Lionel, Ethel and John. Well, here they are with their ma, who was Georgie Drew before she was married to Maurice Barrymore. Folks about here can't make out which was the best play-actors, the old-folks or the children. But they all got to be pretty prominent

*Photographs from  
Keystone View*

This is the Cohan family. Readin' from left to right, as the sayin' is, there's sister Josephine, ma Helen, pa Jerry, and sittin' down, pensive-like, little George M. He was only ten when this was taken, but they do say he ain't changed much—a dog-gone bright little fellow. He made himself some kind o' king in that theatrical business

And this here little fellow is Buster Keaton. You've heard of him. He was brought up doing a comical act with his pa and ma. He's still pretty funny and folks say he's making quite a piece of money out in California, for all he looks so broke up and sad



#### FROM THE BROADWAY FAMILY ALBUM

*"Have a Seat and Look at the Pictures—the Folks'll Be Down in Just a Minute"*



### THE BALLET DANCER

*A Study by Nickolas Muray of Renée Wilde, Fokine's Star Pupil, Who Has Made a Sensational Début as a Dance Recitalist and is Soon to Appear in Vaudeville*

# Spoiled? Well, They Ought to Be!

*The Marx Brothers, Broadway's Biggest Laugh, Attempt To Be Terribly Comic for an Interviewer*

THE Broadway lion-petters are busy again, and this time it's the Marx Brothers. They are very fashionable and they number four. Which makes them even greater than the Barrymores. Julius. Leonard. Arthur. And Herbert.

When *I'll Say She Is* opened on Broadway with about twenty dollars' worth of scenery, a few mildly thrilling baby-dolls—and the Marxes!—all the hard-boiled critics began to sob and throw off the restraint. "Bigger and better than the Hippodrome!" "Funnier than Ibsen!" "Don't miss the Marxes!" "Worth all of a ten-dollar pass!" "This critic's cheek was moistened by a well-bred tear!" And such unwanted effusions. And, strangely enough, the boys are really funny.

They admit it. They proved it by surviving a Shubert Vaudeville Unit. And they even laughed when other managers offered them "coffee and cake" and four weeks (perhaps) for an act with themselves, a set of girls and a set of scenery. "Orpheum prices are not U. B. O. prices—and the Palace is the Palace."

Well, so is the Casino. And the Marx children have a smart mother, Minnie Palmer, once the Ziegfeld of Chicago. And their show is set to run and run while they are fed large portions of acclaim and all the village highbrows are anxious to be seen with them in public.

Are they haughty? Not one little bit. They haven't forgotten the days when their biggest reputation was for having the most disordered dressing-rooms in vaudeville. They went right over and stood on their heads for Mr. Goldberg, just regular cut-ups, in order to give us this artistic record of one of history's breeziest "now it can be told" moments.

Here we see Julius, thinly disguised as Napoleon, about to engage in mortal combat with Arthur (known to his lucky playmates as "Harpo"), who has been playing the harp and otherwise amusing Josephine while the General wages war, as generals will. Herbert and Leonard, also the Empress' little boy-friends, are staving off the hero's well-known wrath.

"Jo," says Julius, a little sadly, "you're as true as a three-dollar corset."

Arthur doesn't say a word throughout the show. But this silence is all platinum. And when he bends over in the first act and the knives and forks begin dropping out of his pockets and continue, and continue, and continue, and he is miserable and desperate, he is the funniest man on Broadway.

Now for the threadbare platitude that words reveal thoughts less often than the lack of them:—Arthur has been designated as the brightest of the Marx brothers.

I don't know. They are all different. And they're all more or less dizzy.

"Here they are," said Mr. Bachelder, the manager of the show, leading me across the stage of the Casino, "Julius, Leo, Arthur, and the baby, Herbert."

"Do you want me to shave?" said Leo.

"Give us all a kiss," said Arthur.

"Have a drink," said Julius.

And Herbert had a date.

"What's become of little brother?" I asked, looking behind the trunk.

"Oh, he went away," said Julius. "He's too young,—and anyway he doesn't talk much."

"We've always been like this," said Arthur.

And there you have them. So sweetly loath to talk about their art.

One sits on the floor. One pokes into a tobacco tin full of pins and buttons. One elaborately selects a shirt. They have the gaudy assurance of the Broadway success and the sly poise of the inveterate comedian. They are having lots of fun attempting to embarrass me by becoming intensely personal. There is in the air a subtle conspiracy to wise-crack their way out of an uncomfortably formal situation. There is a rapid volley of daring persiflage.

This being ineffectual, Julius retires to a corner and with a great flourish of modesty begins to make a change. I berate them for their abominable flightiness, lying that I have seen them so often in vaudeville, I am tired of their funniness, and they are delighted.

They invite me to dinner, mentioning pink cocktails and Bob Benchley, the critic and humorist.

"Last night we were with Alec Woollcott," confesses the naïve Harpo.

It is no secret that the Marx Brothers have landed with an impressive low-comedy fall right in a gorgeous lot of popular adulation. They are such delightful companions that everyone in town is making a tremendous fuss over them. What Fanny Ward is to the *Longchamps* photographers, what a parapet is to D. Fairbanks, what art is to Morris Gest—that's what the Marx brothers are to the Algonquin lobbyists.

There is the fêted quartette, holding court in a flurry of breathless success!

Herbert, young, retiring, seeming occupied with some unknown but serious pursuits.

Leonard, the pianist, an arresting conversationalist, ridiculing certain grave incidents in family affairs, imitating the faintly Hebraic accent of Marx *père*: a gentleman who is a sport, Broadway whispers, and of shooting the works.

Julius, the thinker, the wit, the maker of wise-cracks, the puller of nifties, who believes he is a dead ringer for George S. Kaufman, the unbeautiful dramatist, and writes wistful letters to dramatic editors, half boasting, half deplored it.

And Arthur, the pantomimist, virtuoso of harp and humor, the funniest of the Marx brothers, and more thoughtful and polished than actors have to be.

"Just put them all together, they spell—*moth-thr-er*!"

And no fooling. For this astute lady was Minnie Palmer, the Chicago producer, and all show-business, even those lovely nuts themselves, credit her with this finished development of the Marx brothers' sublime talent for funniness.—B. J.



Goldberg

Reading from left to right, The Marx Brothers

"Do you expect to make this your life-work?" asked Leo.

"How long have you been in this country?" inquired Arthur.

"What do you think of American women?" said Julius. "And how about the sky-line?"

"Where's the other Marx brother?" I insisted desperately. "Is he stupid or pre-cocious?"

"Pro-Kosher!" said Julius cracking a terrible joke. "Do have a drink."

"How do you like checkered shirts?" said Leo, beginning to remove the make-up. "Are you fond of married men? We have all kinds in our family."

"Do you think married men ought to work?" asked Julius.

"Let's have an interview, one at a time," suggested Leo. "We're more convincing separately."

"Must it be the story of our life?" from Julius.

# The Play That Is Talked About



Frances comes to Willie's bedroom, ostensibly for a cigarette

## Expressing Willie

A Comedy in Three Acts by Rachel Crothers

**P**OWERFUL through its very simplicity, this casual comedy of a toothpaste millionaire and a small-town music teacher by Rachel Crothers, the prominent producing-dramatist, has made a decided hit on Broadway. Willie is the dentifrice king, and the title describes his entanglement with a set of scheming self-expressionists. The play which followed Miss Crothers last season success of another genre, "Nice People," was produced by the Equity Players and met with instant acclaim, practically the first hit of the Equity Players since that producing group's inauguration. The following condensation by Mary James is published through the courtesy of the Equity Players and the author, Miss Crothers.

### THE CAST

(As produced at the Forty-Eighth Street Theatre  
by Miss Crothers)

Minnie Whitcomb	Chrystal Herne
Mrs. Smith	Louise Closser Hale
Simpson	Douglas Garden
Reynolds	John Gerard
Willie Smith	Richard Sterling
Taliaferro	Alan Brooks
Dolly Cadwalader	Molly McIntyre
George Cadwalader	Warren William
Frances Sylvester	Merle Muddern
Jean	Louise Waller

**A**CT I. The house of Willie Smith in Long Island. A Saturday afternoon in June. Greeted by her hostess, Willie's mother, Minnie is overawed by the magnificence of his Italian palace, but Mrs. Smith assures her that she prefers her own room, where she has a few bits of her old furniture she had saved. Minnie modestly refuses to listen when Mrs. Smith assures her that her son, the toothpaste millionaire, came nearer to marrying her than he has anybody since, but "something's got in under his skin now that I'm afraid of," says his anxious mother.

MINNIE: What? What is it?

MRS. SMITH: All kinds of women have chased him, but up to now I've always been the most important woman in his life. I've always been able to steer him without letting him know it.

MINNIE: Is it a woman?

MRS. SMITH: No—it's an idea—but there's a woman mixed up in it and she might get him through that. She might, and it's the only thing on earth that could take him away from me unless I want him to be taken.

MINNIE: What is the idea?

MRS. SMITH: It's making him think there's something great shut up inside of him which has never been found out. It's making him think he's a great man all by himself—without his money.

MINNIE: But he is—isn't he?

MRS. SMITH: Willie's about as great as my foot. Who made him? *I did*. Who began it all back there in Tuckerville? *I did*. Who nagged him and prodded him and pushed him and beat it into him that there was a fortune in the toothpaste if it was only put before the public right? Me—me—and I don't propose to let a woman who's as foreign to us as the North Pole come along and turn his head and get the money and then throw him away like a sucked orange.

MINNIE: But would she? Maybe she loves him.  
MRS. SMITH: Shucks!

Mrs. Smith sends Minnie up to her room to put on the best things she's got . . . a motor horn announces Willie's arrival, but Mrs. Smith doesn't want Willie to see Minnie—yet.

WILLIE: Well, Mother—I like to see you down here.

MRS. SMITH: There isn't any danger of any of 'em staying longer than Monday morning, is

there? . . . I'm going to stay up in my room. I'm not coming down at all.

WILLIE: Of course you are! . . . That's ridiculous!—and I want them to see you. Anybody who knows me knows I've got a great mother.

MRS. SMITH: So long as you know it and I know, it don't matter a fig whether anybody else does or not.

WILLIE (laughingly): You're not a very modest little violet, are you?

MRS. SMITH: Modesty never got anybody anywhere till after you're there. Then modesty's a great virtue.

Willie declares that Minnie has taught him more than anyone else ever has; "the expression of oneself is the most important and developing thing in the world." Mrs. Smith puts him to the test by telling him that Minnie has come for the week-end and Willie is flabbergasted. Minnie enters, and is so flurried that she slips on the steps and falls into his arms. Willie disengages himself and is very stiff and aloof in his response to Minnie's greetings. He knows Minnie will disgrace him before his fine friends, and does everything he can to avert the catastrophe. "Don't say anything about giving music lessons . . . Music—in the abstract—yes—that's a good thing to talk about," says Willie. And so on. Just then the butler announces that a motor is drawing up, and Mrs. Smith beats a hasty retreat. Minnie is panic stricken, and carefully steers her way



White

## NELSON KEYS

In a Limehouse character study. This English entertainer, who was imported to succeed Jack Buchanan in *Charlot's Revue*, achieved instant acclaim as an inspired comedian and an artistic interpreter of character songs. His personality has become the final component of Mr. Charlot's universally admired Lillie-Lawrence-Keys triumvirate



## EMIL BOREO

Forgetful Broadway still remembers his winning wooden drummer in the *Chauve-Souris'* historic soldiers' parade. Since that sensational march Mr. Boreo has been delighting smart supper clubs with his artistic song recitals, and he now is preparing for big-time vaudeville a program which includes his fine Pagliacci, in which rôle he is pictured here

De Mirjian

## TWO FOREIGN CONQUERORS OF A MUTUAL FIELD

*An English and a Russian Artist Whose Fundamentally Different Methods Have Achieved Similar Success in the Province of High Comedy*

to the other side of the piano, making herself as inconspicuous as possible. Taliaferro is the first to enter and congratulates Minnie on "the approach." After introducing Minnie as a "musician," Willie goes off to "jump into something comfortable," leaving Taliaferro to expound the doctrine of self-expression. Minnie is much impressed, and drinks it all in. Taliaferro's psychology is a revelation to her . . . The Cadwaladers enter, and exclaim at the size of everything, as they greet Taliaferro. Minnie introduces herself, but just then Willie comes down the steps and she relapses into shyness again. Frances Sylvester makes her entrance shortly afterwards, and poses as effectively as Dolly Cadwalader had foretold. Willie is at her feet, figuratively. Tea is brought in, and Minnie is forgotten in the general conversation which follows.

FRANCES: Oh, I've just had the most inspiring experience of my whole life, Dolly. You *must* go to this new man . . . Oh, what cowards we are not to tell the truth to ourselves! If we would only *use* our power what Godlike creatures we could be!

MINNIE: But how can we find that power? How can we be what we want to be?

FRANCES: By the help of these great men who are opening the doors for us and teaching us how to know ourselves.

TALIAFERRO (*to Minnie*): You don't need *them*. Do it yourself . . . They've made a great contribution—but the most important thing which is awakened in the world at the moment is not *how* we can find our own power—the God within us—but the faith that it *can* be found . . . Until you *let* your soul speak through your music you will never have lived.

FRANCES: Oh—music? Is she a musician? Do play for us. That's what this room needs—to be filled with music.

DOLLY: Do! That will be a great relief. My soul needs relief and Heaven knows George's does.

TALIAFERRO: Play—*now*.

Minnie rises and starts to the piano with inspiration. Willie, extremely nervous, takes a step between her and the piano. She looks at him—slips on a rug and falls sprawling on the floor. Willie and Taliaferro rush to the rescue, whilst the others go out into the hall, unable to restrain their laughter. "A little more faith, my dear," says Taliaferro, as he follows them. Minnie is overcome with humiliation.

WILLIE: You surely weren't going to try to play for *these* people, were you?

MINNIE: Why—yes—I was. I thought you'd like me to. I thought that was one thing I could do for you.

WILLIE: I think it's just as well you fell down before you got there. They're only interested in the *best* in the world, you know. You don't seem to understand *yet* who they are.

MINNIE: Oh, they're wonderful!

WILLIE: I told you—you wouldn't know what they were talking about.

MINNIE: Yes, I know you did. I don't think I'll come to the table for dinner. I just don't think I can. I've got afraid somehow.

WILLIE (*softening*): I'm sorry. You do what you think best. I—I'm terribly sorry.

He goes out. Minnie moves slowly to the piano and stands looking at it—her hands clenched desperately—an agony of appeal in her face. . . .

ACT II. Scene I—Nine o'clock the same evening. Dolly enquires if Willie's "musician" has "gone under completely for the night"; he

doesn't think she'll be able to come down, as "she seemed extremely nervous." They all chat over their after-dinner coffee, and Frances Sylvester seizes the opportunity for a flirtation with Willie when Dolly and the two men go out onto the balcony. They stroll in again and Dolly wants to dance, but there is no one to play for her . . . This makes them think of Minnie, and they all laugh again immoderately, when suddenly Taliaferro stops, seeing Minnie at the door. . . .

MINNIE: You're still laughing at me. I *was* funny and oh! so stupid to be a coward in all this freedom and beauty and understanding.

GEORGE (*in a low voice*): Good for her! She's had a drink.

TALIAFERRO: No! You don't understand.



Willie: I'm expressing myself, all right

WILLIE (*nervously*): You'd better go back upstairs till you feel better.

MINNIE: Oh no—I can't go back—*now*—(*To Taliaferro*): As you said, "What difference does it make whether we're ridiculous or not—so long as we're alive."

TALIAFERRO: Quite so.

FRANCES: What does she mean?

MINNIE: I want to play for you. (*She goes to the piano*.)

WILLIE: Minnie—don't, don't try.

MINNIE: Oh, Willie, don't be afraid for me now!

TALIAFERRO: No one can help you—or harm you—but yourself.

She begins to play—slowly, softly, a little uncertainly. They watch her tensely. She gains in sureness, and plays 'with inspiration—her courage mounting as the power and beauty of the music accumulate—she finishes in a crescendo of abandon.

DOLLY: I never was so thrilled in my life.

GEORGE: It was perfectly ripping, you know. By Jove it was.

TALIAFERRO: That was a magnificent mastery. You have destroyed the things which were destroying you.

Minnie has surprised them all, and they beg her to play again. George asks for his kind of music; he plays a few bars and hums, and Minnie picks it up, whilst he sings "Express Yourself." The others join in, and they dance in a circle round Willie, until Frances says it has gone far enough. Minnie is still in the throes of a great emotional excitement, and tells Willie he isn't letting them see what he really is.

MINNIE: Can't you see that they don't *know* you? That you're hiding yourself and letting them think—

WILLIE: Don't—please.

MINNIE: Then I'll go. I can't stay and not say it. I don't want to be shut up again. It's too wonderful to be free just for a little while. (*She smiles back at them wistfully as she goes off*.)

Scene 2.—Willie's bedroom. A quarter of an hour later. There is a knock at the door—Willie has just come in from the hall and cries "Come." Minnie comes in quickly, with her hair down and in her dressing-gown.

MINNIE: Oh, Willie—Willie—I can't keep still any longer!

WILLIE: What are you doing here? Go back! Go back!

MINNIE: I've got to talk to you. You're in danger and you don't know it.

WILLIE: You can't do this. Go back to your room!

MINNIE: You've got to hear the *truth*. You must listen to it.

WILLIE: What's the matter with you? You're excited. These people have stirred you up till you don't know what you're saying. . . .

MINNIE: I've just *found* myself. You *told* me they were something beyond and *different*, but I didn't know how marvelous they are. That wonderful man, the artist, has made me *free*, Willie—*free*!

WILLIE: Minnie, now you be careful. It's dangerous stuff to monkey with, I tell you. I understand it. I know where to draw the line—but you let it alone. It isn't good for you.

MINNIE: Didn't you hear me play? Didn't you see that all I've wanted to be and all I've wanted to *do*—came out because—at last—I wasn't afraid?

WILLIE: I did—and I was darned proud of you, too. There was something in your music I didn't know you had . . . Now go to bed and to-morrow we'll—

MINNIE: But it isn't the playing that matters . . . It's what I can say to *you* now. . . . It's got to be said before you see these people again—before you see Mrs. Sylvester. Oh, Willie, she's so beautiful and wonderful! Don't lose her. She'll get tired of pretending that you are a great man.

WILLIE: What?

MINNIE: You must show her that you really are one.

WILLIE: What do you mean?

MINNIE: Why don't you let her *see* what you are? Why don't you show her *yourself*—your true—your *naked self*?

WILLIE (*jumping*): For the Lord's sake! Some one will hear you!

MINNIE: Then you *would* be great. Then she *would* love you and respect you. . . . There is a knock at the door. Minnie is about to speak. Willie hushes her in frantic pantomime and pushes her into a shallow clothes closet, locking the door. The knock is repeated.

WILLIE (*trying to be cheerful and careless*): Come. Come in. Oh, come in!

(Continued on page 58)

Cherry Lane Play-house—soft music, hard thinking and suppressed lights

The Fourteenth Street intermission is traditionally wedded to the charlotte russe

Metropolitan Opera House—the familiar prologue to the last act of *Lohengrin*

The Capitol—millions going out and millions coming in—simultaneously

Carnegie Hall—a composite picture of the audience

### "DURING THE INTERMISSION"

A Revelation by Helen Hokinson of the Characteristic Pauses Which Punctuate the Eternal Length of Art

# C . I . N . E . M . A

*A New Color Picture—“The Sea Hawk”—“Cytherea”—The Latest Films*

By AILEEN ST. JOHN-BRENON

WETHER, as Irvin Willat predicts, the time is rapidly approaching when there will be a public demand for colored films remains to be seen, but in producing *Wanderer of the Wasteland* in color, Famous Players has released a most artistic and ambitious picture. Though far from flawless the performance is manifestly the most successful achievement of its kind that has yet appeared, and shows the great strides made in chromophotography since *Toll of the Sea*, a product of the same Technicolor process exhibited last year. It is by no means a scientific procedure — eminent authorities assure us that nothing radically new has been discovered in this particular field since 1894—it is merely an invention by which saturated areas are more accurately confined to given outlines. The problem heretofore has been one of overlapping margins, and in *Wanderer of the Wasteland* this defect has been entirely overcome. The color also has been vastly improved though there is still some difficulty with the blue tints—some of the sky shots are strangely at variance with the natural cerulean, though for the most part the color effects are beautiful.

In bringing Zane Grey's popular story to the screen, a corps of Technicolor experts armed with their intricate paraphernalia accompanied Mr. Willat into Death Valley where they secured practically all of their material. The quaint costumes of the gold rush period combined with the unusual setting result in many remarkable effects rich in visual appeal. Had *Wanderer of the Wasteland* been photographed in black and white it would have been added to the common run of Westerns, but vitalized by natural colors depicting the Wastelands of the Southwest with its sunsets and canyons and activity both of human and animal life it presents a novelty which will be welcomed by all those interested in the progress of the motion picture.

IN the world of the camera, cycles are the fashion. We have emerged from the Civil War and *Covered Wagon* epochs; the costume drama is passing once again, and now the great sea epic prevails with *The Sea Hawk* in command of the fleet. This picture extravagantly produced by Frank Lloyd, is an adaptation of Sabatani's tale of "blatant braggarts and swaggering swashbucklers," as Swinburne described the Elizabethan age. Here we have no miniature ships bobbing about in studio cisterns, but life-sized galleons sailing the Seven Seas. Allah Y' Allah!

In an age of steam whistles and electric turbines, it is a sheer delight to view the stately manœuvres of the old ships—so beautifully made, so magnificently captained; in fact the big moment in *The Sea*

*Hawk* occurs with the thrilling spectacle of the rows of galley slaves, naked and sweating at their oars. Pictorially the film is very fine, but as romantic drama it languishes beneath its various trappings. It lacks robustness—remove the three or four conflicts on the sea, and we have left a rather lurid and conventional story, lacking that spirit, for instance, which lived in *Robin Hood*.

Milton Sills does his best work in the galleys as a tanned and rebellious captive, though for the greater part of the film, despite his manifest enthusiasm and earnestness, we have to admit that as a romantic actor he resembles a Knight of Pythias on parade. He has been seen "many a time and oft on the rialto" to better advantage.



Monroe

BETTY JEWEL

One of the loveliest of the younger screen stars who is developing rapidly and soon will be featured in a new film

Wallace Beery is a knave to the life, providing genial and rollicking humor. The less said of Enid Bennett the better.

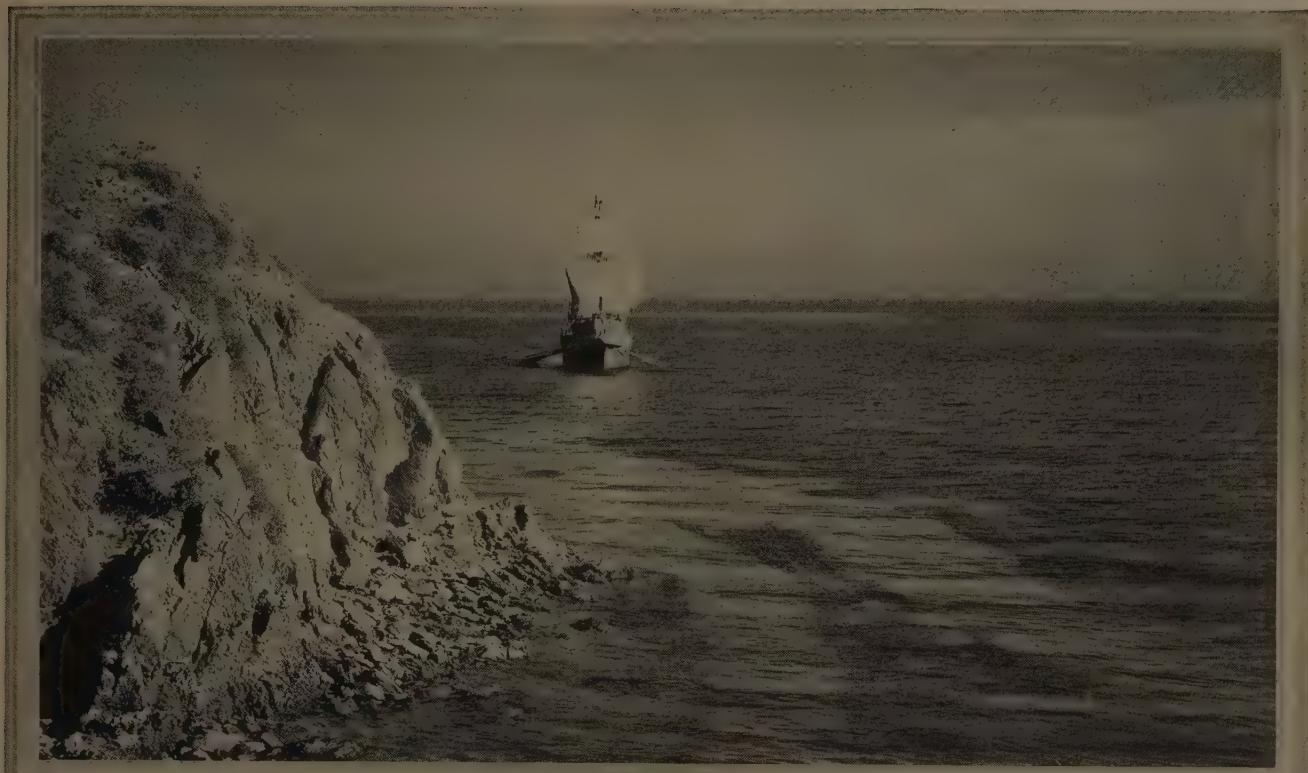
*CODE OF THE SEA* is Paramount's contribution to the salt-water revival. In it are Jacqueline Logan and Rod La Rocque, neither of whom is quite strong enough to carry the story—that popular old theme about the young man believing himself a coward and saved by a trusting girl's love. Inasmuch as he is a seafaring man Rod's name is anathema in the village, but when the seas begin to rage, and his sweetheart is awaiting death in a sinking ship, he develops sudden manhood and his yellow streak becomes true blue. George Fawcett enlivens the proceedings in a characteristic rôle of the disapproving father and Victor Fleming has handled his storm episode admirably.

NOT to be outdone Metro-Goldwyn presents *Women Who Give*, an adaptation of Sarah Greene's *Cape Cod Folks*, brought to the screen by Reginald Barker. Frank Keenan is seen as a hardened millionaire who, having made his money in fish, views with contempt and superiority his former associates. A despot into the bargain, he rouses the ire of his stolid neighbors, but with a couple of love affairs brought to their rightful conclusion all is well. Barbara Bedford bids fair to win new admirers, but imagine if you can Renée Adorée as an unsophisticated inhabitant of a Cape Cod village.

EDWIN CAREWE traveled all the way to Algeria to make *A Son of the Sahara*. First National might have spared themselves the trouble about the passports. Despite the presence of the dancers of the Ouled Nail, the Spahis of the French government and the numerous inhabitants of Sidi Okba and its environs, they evolve into a heterogeneous assemblage instead of providing the colorful atmosphere that was intended. The situations are cheap and preposterous and, save for the presence of Bert Lytell and Claire Windsor, lacking in interest. It comes to us as "the great American picture made in Algeria," but we trust that in bringing Nazimova back to the screen in W. B. Maxwell's *The Raged Messenger*, Carewe will be more successful than he has proved to be with his twelve thousand five hundred Arabs, the eight thousand camels, and the two thousand five hundred horses we have heard so much about.

Claire Windsor is as pretty as ever, and Bert Lytell struggles valiantly to maintain his harem with the villainy consistent with the best screen traditions of a sheik.

THOMAS INCE points a moral and adorns a modern tale in *Those Who Dance*. The moral is, "Don't trust your bootlegger," and it depicts the evil consequences of defying Mr. Volstead by carrying a flask in your hip pocket. But this is not a little sermon in celluloid. Here we have a swiftly told story, melodrama if you like, but with a decidedly human element seldom found in this type of film. Aided by a competent scenario and a logically and intelligently developed plot, Lambert Hillyer develops the sequence admirably. The situations are tense and surprising, and the characters, that of a young boy who drives a truck for rum runners, his sister endeavoring to save him from a frame-up, the tipping bootlegger and his queer little wife are well acted. Blanche Sweet as the sister in her efforts to save her reckless young brother played by Bobby Agnew, falls in love with the detective and adds another capable delineation to her long list. Bessie Love, truly



Handsome Rex Ingram could have been an actor, and just to prove it, here he is all dressed up in Algeria, where he has been directing pictures for Metro-Goldwyn



(Above) Yo! Ho! Ho! And a bottle of rum! One of the galleons shown in Sabatini's *Sea Hawk*, which has been made into a beautiful picture by Frank Lloyd

## ADVENTURE ON THE SPANISH MAIN AND IN THE FAR EAST

*Some of the New Films Go Far Afield for the Romance of Banditry and Piracy*

ation to her long list. Bessie Love, truly delightful, brings originality and verve as the villain's wife.

In addition to these histrionic factors *Those Who Dance* shows in just what washtub that bottle of Dewar got its touch of the briny, how to get a Gordon label, and various stills inside the three-mile limit.

DON'T go to *Cytherea* expecting to find it anything like the book, and don't be misled by Joseph Hergesheimer's effusions on the film. Put them down as literary license.

If you didn't read the novel you will find the picture most entertaining, though there is none of the passion which lurked in the pages of Hergesheimer's novel; instead we have a polite dissertation on how the well-trained wife ought not to behave if she wishes to see her husband's slippers maintain their accustomed attitude beside the four poster, or for him to remain in his usual seat before the fireplace. She must not let him drink his cocktail alone; she must not frown when he turns on the Victrola and attempts a forty-year version of the light fantastic; she must not be just one of those womanly little creatures—so good to her children—or else the naughty vamps will catch him on his first night out.

Frances Marion, realizing the impossibility of accurate transcription, has necessarily stressed the unhappy-home motif rather than the sensuous lure of the repressed Savina Grove. She did so of course because of the censor ogre which gobbles up wicked producers attempting to transfer to the film the literary quality of a book. But with all that, hers is a masterful piece of condensation. In doing so, however, the result is "just another movie," effectually presented.

Alma Rubens as Savina is aloof and self-contained, and Irene Rich as the wife gives a remarkable performance, especially in the scene in which she reproaches her husband for infidelity. As the nagging woman who repels her husband, Miss Rich has given an outstanding contribution to the screen. Lewis Stone is admirable as the erring man.

TWENTY DOLLARS A WEEK is a conspiracy. The scenario writer and the director have succeeded in divesting George Arliss of his personality, and hoodwinking him to playing peek-a-boo with the audience. Exactly why an artist of Arliss' attainments was induced to appear in so pointless a rôle remains an enigma, for what with weak situations and ineffective attempts at humor and the frequent disappearances of Arliss you can pass a curious hour watching and wondering.

Arliss, a subtle and accomplished actor, is denied every opportunity to use his talents, but you do catch glimpses of an amiable gentleman in a morning coat looking very knowing and roguish who enters the scenes occasionally, stirs up the plot and vanishes—if you look quickly you will discover it to be Arliss.

WITH all due respect to the sagacity of Joseph M. Schenck, Constance Talmadge should leave the emotional parts to the dark-eyed Norma. In *The Goldfish*, which was diluted from the French into a play for Marjorie Rambeau, and has been still further diluted into a photoplay for Constance Talmadge, the latter appears once more in the old familiar rôle of a comédienne. Actresses who can play comedy are few and far between. Constance possesses the gift. Perhaps no one on the screen excels her in humorous characterization—she is at once deft and entertaining. In *The Goldfish* her work almost approached farce, but she is merry

YOU will be surprised at the advance made by Lila Lee in *Wandering Husband*. She makes a totally impossible story pleasing. Miss Lee, the ungainly little girl who only a short time ago had braids down her back, has suddenly become a slim and graceful young thing with a competent knowledge of acting. She has a command of comedy as well as poise and dignity of bearing. She plays a neglected young wife fighting to retain her husband's love against the machinations of some product of the dance hall. All three, husband, wife and "the other woman" go out in a boat the wife knows to be unsafe and in the middle of the bay as the boat begins to sink the husband has to make his choice—the mother of his child or his dancing companion. Lila's sincerity helps to make the improbabilities probable, but James Kirkwood is sadly deficient. Margaret Livingston is a vivacious and effective vamp.



PRISCILLA DEAN

A picture of unusual beauty is promised in Hunt Stromberg's *Siren of Seville*. Here Miss Dean as Madrid prays for strength to bear a lover's faithlessness

and vivacious, and puts her audience in a gay and responsive mood.

THE WHITE MOTH presents Conway Tearle in a familiar guise, that of the serious young man, oh, so serious and oh, so noble, who, in an effort to save a younger brother from the clutches of a siren, discovers that she is worthy of his own signature on the marriage certificate. This picture, laden with impossible situations and a few desperate attempts to be naughty, is altogether unworthy of the directorial abilities of Maurice Tourneur who, it will be recalled has productions of the artistic caliber of *Woman* to his credit. Barbara La Marr and Charles de Roche accompany Mr. Tearle in six reels of expensively mounted superficialities. Mr. Tourneur appears here as the business man rather than the creator of beautiful things. It is a familiar though not an attractive rôle.

THOSE unfamiliar with Monty Banks should make his acquaintance in *Racing Luck*, an extremely amusing comedy quite unlike anything shown before. It is calculated to keep the most sophisticated audience in gales of laughter with its ingenious twists, and the antics and contortions of Monty Banks as an Italian immigrant. A race in the latter half of the film is positively hilarious, and even a constitutional cynic will be unable to withstand its humor.

ROBERT SERVICE'S poem, *The Spell of the Yukon* has been made the basis of a hectic melodrama *The Shooting of Dan McGrew*. Barbara La Marr, Lew Cody and Percy Marmont form a triangle which journeys in devious ways from the South Seas to New York and eventually winds up in Alaska. The heroine, one of those abused creatures more sinned against than sinning, is induced by the arch-villain Lew Cody to leave her poverty-stricken husband and the chee-ild in order that she may seek fame and fortune. The poor misguided woman, so beautiful but so dumb, is never unaware of the intercepted messages, the burnt missives and the attendant duplicity of the man who shapes her career and ruins her life. Barbara La Marr playing heavily for sympathy runs the gamut of sartorial display. Percy Marmont is excellent as the husband, and Cody is suave and unscrupulous in his accustomed fashion.

Subtitles from the poem have been used to advantage, though the subject matter has been violently distorted, for no apparent reason except the desire to create sympathy for the gal who couldn't stand the gaff.

Miss La Marr is rapidly developing into one of the best undressed women in pictures. She fairly revels in diaphanous lingerie and up-to-date reproductions of Cecil B. De Mille's bathtubs. Unquestionably she radiates a great charm over the box-office, which seems to be increasing as her habiliments diminish.



Anna May Wong  
—“Two Yellow  
Willows”—in  
*The Thief of  
Bagdad* presented  
by Douglas Fair-  
banks



(Above) Blanche  
Sweet as Thomas  
Hardy's immortal  
heroine in Mar-  
shall Neilan's  
production, *Tess  
of the D'Urber-  
villes*

#### A NEW FILM AND A NEW ACTRESS

*Hardy's Novel and an Ingénue of an Ancient Race Recently Have Come to the Screen*

## Shadows of Coming Events in the Music World—Tullio Serafin's Engagement

By GRENVILLE VERNON

**Y**OUR music prophet will always do well to start his prophesy with that old and well-tried phrase—You never can tell. So in this time of the summer doldrums, essaying the rôle of such a prophet (because, until the season opens, there is nothing very much else that I can do), I at once start with this exasperating expression. You never can tell what the coming year will bring forth. Signorina Toti Dal Monte, whom Signor Gatti-Casazza announces has been engaged for the Metropolitan, may turn out to be another Tetrazzini. I for one sincerely hope she will, for a real coloratura soprano is sorely needed at the Metropolitan and indeed in the world of opera. This young Italian has pleased the audiences at La Scala, and she is now said to be pleasing them in Australia. Odd as it may seem, I set more store on the latter news than on the former, for the reason that what a Latin public demands from a coloratura soprano is not always what an English-speaking one insists upon. So let us hope that Signorina Dal Monte is all her admirers insist she is.

**T**HEN again you never can tell what Signor Gatti's two novelties may turn out to be. *Giovanni Gallurese* is Italo Montemezzi's first opera and Signor Montemezzi is the composer of *L'Amore dei tre Re*. *Giovanni Gallurese* has never set the Italian public on fire, but then neither has *L'Amore dei tre Re*, which latter opera we in America have hailed as the greatest work which has come out of Italy since Verdi's *Falstaff*. The Italians have never liked Signor Montemezzi's stern sobriety of treatment of Sem Benelli's tragedy, while we have hailed that very treatment as a proof of his genius. The fact is that we are not Italians and like what we like as we like it. We may like *Giovanni Gallurese*. We also may like Leo Janacek's *Jenufa*. This is an opera by a Bohemian composer which, however, will be sung in German. Mme. Maria Jéritza, it is understood, will take the chief part, which adds interest to the announcement.

**I**N the case of the revivals promised for the Metropolitan, we are on surer ground. One of these is to be Verdi's *Falstaff*, which hasn't been given in New York since 1910. Signor Antonio Scotti will be seen once more in the title part. This work, which shares with *Die Meistersinger* the position of the world's foremost comic opera, ought never to have been absent from the repertory. It is true that the great public has never clamored to hear it as it clamors to hear *Pagliacci*, but any opera-house owes its presentation to the real music lovers among its subscribers. It might not be a bad idea to give it in English, for the libretto is English to the core. Indeed, if *Boris* can be given in Italian, why

can't *Falstaff* be given in English? Of course it won't be, but then a prophet may sometimes descend to express a wish.

**A**NOTHER revival—as far as the Metropolitan Company goes it is a novelty—is Debussy's *Pelléas et Mélisande*. Here again the public won't become excited, but music lovers will rejoice despite the fact that the Metropolitan's auditorium is far too big to bring from the score its full



Tupper

CHALMERS CLIFTON

one of the most talented of the younger American conductors, who, as director of the American Orchestral Society, is doing invaluable work in training young musicians for symphonic orchestras

subtlety. But *Pelléas* is one of the epoch-making works of the modern lyric stage, and Signor Gatti is to be congratulated upon his courage in reviving it. Lucrezia Bori will probably sing Mélisande, Edward Johnson, Pelléas, and Clarence Whitehill, Golaud. Then again *Das Rheingold* and *Götterdämmerung* will once more be on view, a pleasing prospect to all Wagnerians, and Igor Stravinsky's *Petrushka* will be danced by Rosina Galli and the ballet. It might be more to the point had it been decided to give Stravinsky's *Sacre de Printemps*, which made such a sensation when given during the winter in purely orchestral form at Carnegie Hall, for the *Sacre* was written as a ballet, and for full appreciation must be seen in that form. We must, however, take and try to be contented with what the gods provide.

**T**HE other revivals are twice-told tales. There is to be *Dinorah* for Mme. Galli-Curci, with Mario Chamlee in the tenor

part; *La Gioconda* for Signor Gigli; and *La Juive*, probably for Signor Martinelli and Miss Ponselle. All three ought to be good for the box-office. There is also to be a revival of *The Tales of Hoffmann*. This Offenbach opera has never fared over well at the Metropolitan, because it has always been given largely by artists unversed in the Gallic style. Perhaps it will succeed more perfectly this time despite the fact that Maurice Renaud sang the triple rôle when it was given by Oscar Hammerstein and that his memory is not likely to be effaced. Though Offenbach was a German his operas are French of the French, and to sing them either in a German, an Italian or a polyglot manner is fatal.

**O**F the new singers announced, I have already spoken of Signorina Dal Monte. The other new sopranos are Nanny Larsen-Todsen from the Stockholm Royal Opera, Maria Muller from Munich and a young American, Miss Joan Ruth. All are unknown quantities. Ralph Errolle, a young American tenor who appeared two seasons ago in Brooklyn with the Zuro Opera Company and disclosed a very pretty light voice and real taste in song, has also been engaged, as has an Italian basso, Signor Francesco Seri. But by far the most important engagement is that of Signor Tullio Serafin as chief Italian conductor. Signor Serafin will fill a long-felt want, for of recent years the Metropolitan has been sadly weak in this particular position. Signor Serafin holds a position in his native land second only to that occupied by Arturo Toscanini and ought to make the Italian operas far more interesting than they have been of late.

**T**HE only singer of note who does not return is Orville Harrold. Mr. Harrold's career is in some respects unique in the annals of opera. Beginning his appearance in public by singing in a burlesque show and rising from there to vaudeville, Mr. Harrold did not appear in grand opera until he was nearly thirty-nine. It was Oscar Hammerstein who gave him his opportunity at the old Manhattan Opera House and in London. His voice was at that time one of the truly great organs of the world yet within a very few years it had gone completely and he sank to singing at the Hippodrome and from there to complete oblivion.

Then suddenly he reappeared with the Society of American Singers and sang so superbly that he was at once engaged for the Metropolitan Opera House. His performances there of Rodolfo in *La Bohème* and of Don José in *Carmen* during the season of 1919-20 will never be forgotten by those who heard them. His Rodolfo indeed was surpassed only by that of Caruso himself.



© Mishkin

#### NINA MORGANA

who proves that piquancy can be at home on the stage of the Metropolitan Opera House



© Mishkin

#### JOSE MARDONES

His impersonation of the blind king in *L'Amore dei tre Re*, is rendered impressive by a voice of extraordinary resonance and beauty



White

#### CELIA TURRILL

A most dashing Cherubino in William Wade Hinshaw's production of *The Marriage of Figaro*



© Mishkin

#### LOUISE HUNTER

The baby of the Metropolitan. Her Musetta has sparkle and charm



© Mishkin

#### GIOVANNI MARTINELLI

whose sterling art and powerful voice have made him a unique figure in the world of opera



© Mishkin

#### INA BOURSKAYA

An interesting Carmen from Poland whose pulchritude speaks for itself

### SINGERS WHO WILL APPEAR WHEN THE MUSIC CURTAIN RISES

*Six Artistes Who Prove that Manliness and Beauty Still Play a Part in Opera*

# V . A . U . D . E . V . I . L . L . E

*The Russian Vogues' Last "Oy!"—Now It's Charlot—The Santleys—And Is Lou Holtz Really "Nuts"?*

By BLAND JOHANESON

*Sketches by Maurice Maxeville*

IT was bound to be the *Charlot Revue*. The *Chauve-Souris* had just about fluttered whence as the inspiration for all the classy vaudeville acts. But now the intime revue is destined to interrupt the "in-one" comics, and Joseph Santley and Ivy Sawyer have come forth as the pioneers.



The undeniably gifted couple had all the talent of Broadway to draw upon for material and the result is sadly so-so. A few girls with personalities about as potent as milk assist them in offering the ragout—eighty per cent. goo and innocent of condiments.

A radio burlesque by Tracy Hammond Lewis, *WOR*, is the best thing in it, snappy, clever and sublimely joyful as the entire radio household is shot one way or another at the finish, with all due respect to the air.

Mr. Santley has dragged in his familiar fantasy of the amorous book-ends, which just breaks your heart to see such passion sidetracked by a couple of fairy stories, and has also contributed an "efficiency drama" at which even the village idiot wouldn't die laughing.

Santley and Sawyer are charming, truly, and they probably will experience some comedy yet in trying to get their money back on the production in bookings. But the nearest thing to the kind of delicate rougery which distinguishes the *Charlot Revue* is Walter Kingsley's serious verbiage touting the enterprise as a love-child of the Broadway success. Nevertheless, it looks like a Piccadilly season in the halls.

SANTLEY FRERE, the *Up She Goes* Frederic, also makes a bow to vaudeville. But there is no straining for originality here. One will be roused from one's number-two-spot stupor by no innovation more shocking than a series of love songs of granddaddy's time, papa's, then the little boy-friend's. If the winning Freddie who wrote his own act under the original billing *A Miniature Musical*

Comedy had set out to design a burlesque of all the stupid man-and-girl "flirtation acts" he could have done no better. Even the curtain, showing a rose-bearing cottage by a road-side has a bird-cage painted on the front door. Marion Simpson, a gorgeous blonde with a sweet voice, like Mr. Santley, is much too good for such sappy enterprises.

cab love-bouts and nostrums of unmentionable mission, hysterical, inspired, and as bizarre as the nut's black make-up consorting with his Jewish accent. Lou Holtz may not be art's biggest moment, but in a month reeking with lady trombone virtuosi he strongly suggests it.



WHILE I was composing these little tributes, one of the catty babies in this office breezed by with the base remark, "Well, who's being panned this month?" I mentioned a few names. Then up speaks the gal, "Did it ever occur to you that anything was entertaining but wise-cracking, hitting with bladders and etherized beer!" And I answer "No," and put this Flossie right in her place because she's married to a fellow who writes a lot of vaudeville ballads.

Nevertheless, the low dig set me thinking. I nobly admit that Mr. Albee's little enterprise has its certain beautiful and aesthetic qualities—the symphonic feet of Bill Robinson. Jack Pearl's German accent (*Bard and Pearl*). Sam Lewis' goo-goo eyes (*Lewis and Dody*). And these latter philosophers' solemn admonition, "Don't squeeze bananas!" The marvelous toes of Renee Robert, the dancer. Nora Bayes' fans.

But such joys are poignant and exalted. One cannot maintain such a high order of delight. One cannot dedicate to them that deep, choking, throbbing, chronic passion which Mr. Albee expects for his efforts. Poor, base worms that we are—sooner or later we must turn to the clowns.

Most really great nuts are half-cracked.



Bugginess is a form of inspiration. It is the little cuckoo-bird which distinguishes the next-to-closing comedian from his mechanical imitators higher up on the bill and lower down on the billing. Joe Cook was slightly mad. So was Will Mahoney. Tom Patricola positively silly.

Now Lou Holtz has returned to vaudeville with marked signs of incipient insanity. He is not so crazy when it comes to Sunday night; but histrionically, yes. "I'm nuts," keeps remarking *sotto voce*. "Honest, the kid is nuts," as though it were almost too good to be true. And I can't remember when the young landlord has seemed as funny or his humor as exquisitely base and low. Here are no coy subtleties to flirt with a lethargic comprehension. Just whole-souled funniness engaging such of life's comic foibles as taxi-

I MUST confess to an utterly depraved ambition. To meet a sweet female impersonator and get it "coiffedent." I want to find out what it's all about. Does it come under the head of entertainment, science or just killing time? I simply cannot be entertained by these youths! If they're funny or vulgar, yes. But just remarkable—well, only fawncyness Karyl Norman, particularly, makes me writhe. Neither he nor his voices are beautiful. And I never can decide whether the baritone or soprano alarms me most. And when he takes off his wig and sings his perfectly priceless *Daisy Days* with yodeled variations he is about as virile and tough as Queen Mary. He's a showman, though, and utterly merciless in his eccentricities. Now he is playing Big-Hearted Boy-friend to a couple of youths he found imitating him in a café in Detroit or somewhere. He cajoled Eddie Darling into booking them into the Palace, and were they terrible!

These unbillied boys are not impersonators. They affect juvenile grease-paint and the familiar Norman overalls. But their harmonious yoo-yoo-ing is patently Norman inspired and conducive to fits. As Karyl sings—*Somebody's Wrong*—and it must be little whoozis because the laddies get big money and lots of dainty applause.

ADELE ROWLAND, sweet, gracious and talented, has a gloriously boob opening for her return to vaudeville. It's one of those things called a trailer—a few million yards of banal film showing the lady's official position as Mrs. Conway Tearle—wandering at large in Hollywood—close-ups of the Tearle veranda, the Tearle rose-bush, the Tearle cabbage-patch, the Tearle duck-knickerbockers—with Conway himself stalking hither and yon, but always in focus.

Madame Tearle is an artiste and a charming one. She sings some new songs and a few of her old ones delightfully, a welcome return, artistic and satisfying—but sans celluloid.



Johnston

The designer and inspiration of her own revue, Jeanette Hackett's loveliness and charm are revealed by daring costumes and expressed by the grace and beauty of her dancing



Strand

Study in delft and white—a clog number as artistic as it is amusing, from a recent dance production act, *The Curio Shop*

The romantic aspects of fishing as they are delightfully revealed by Alice Michie and Jeanne Fuller, of the *Portia Mansfield Dancers*, a group which has brought rare artistry and beauty to the halls



Bert, K. C.

Nasib

Here is inconsistency in its most winning phase—the piquante and decorative Ruth Pryor in a dance of Russian technique, American spirit and Oriental inspiration

## THE TWO-A-DAY AND THE DANCE

*The Art of Motion in the Halls is Spiced with Vast Variety*

MARGARET  
WILSON

the sweet-voiced and lovely prima donna of the highly amusing musical farce, *Little Jessie James*, whose personality and talents have won great favor



HELEN ELEY

a roughish and vivacious musical comedienne whose winsome personality has helped to complicate the hilarious *Mr. Battling Butler* throughout its long run

White



MADGE KENNEDY

The charm which made this delightful star so valuable to the legitimate and screen has been dedicated all season to the musical comedy *Poppy* with which she entered and conquered the song-and-dance field



Apela

White

## THE SEASON'S SENIOR SONG-AND-DANCE GIRLS

*Three Charming Favorites in Broadway's Longest Run Musical Shows*



# Heard on Broadway

*Stories and News Straight from the Inside  
of the Theatre World*

As Told by L'Homme Qui Sait



FOLLOWING the precept of that other fine old Roman, P. T. Barnum, JOHN GOLDEN has a residence that stands as a constant reminder to a forgetful world of his accomplishments in the field of minor drama. Barnum's home was a fantastic edifice, done in the best Hindu-Chinese manner (or it may have been Turk), alongside the tracks of the New Haven Railroad near Bridgeport, where all who passed might behold and gape. Mr. Golden, slightly more subtle, has a dwelling supported in the Southern manner by four great white columns. On each of the latter is inscribed the name of a production that helped put shekels in the Golden bank. Reading from left to right as one gazes from the Long Island highway that runs past the Golden domain, one is reminded of *Lightnin'*, *Turn to the Right*, *Three Wise Fools* and *Seventh Heaven*. A tidy list and one which may cause the beholder to remark that their patron saint might well call himself several times a millionaire.

This might be as good a place as any to remind my public that JOHN GOLDEN is known in the theatre as the man who has never had a flop. The only one, so far as can be ascertained. His plays are formulized—like the Ford car—and always comply to a greater or less degree with the popular taste.

HOWARD YOUNG, while in charge of the making of educational films at the Famous Players studio in the East, saw an unpretentious little man fussing about among the delicate cameras and instruments in his special laboratory during one noon hour. He had never seen the intruder before and, fearful of the latter's making a botch of some of their carefully set material, called out harshly, "Hey, hands off there—be careful of that stuff!" The stranger apologized abjectly and said he hadn't meant to disturb anything. His manner was so humble and so self-effacing that Young, at first annoyed, was moved to ask the man whether he wanted to have something explained to him. This resulted in the two of them going together over the entire laboratory, with Young making clear the manifold intricacies and delicacies of cartoon-making and motion-drawing work. At the end of an hour of this, the little man expressed warm gratitude to Young and started to leave. Young remarked, "Any time I can do anything for you in here, come right in," which was answered by the other, "Thank you very much. If ever I can do anything for you at the main office, let me know. I'm Adolph Zukor!"

The above anecdote is typical of the head of the great Famous Players-Lasky corporation. ZUKOR is the mildest of men, self-effacing, gentlemanly; he simply has never heard of the Napoleon complex and yet he is by right of genius the "first man" of the motion-picture business to-day. I once asked DANIEL FROHMAN, who was associated with Zukor in the early days of the Famous Players, the secret of Zukor's success. "He has great vision," Frohman replied, "the most extraordinary foresight I have ever encountered. He dreams—and he has talents enough to make those dreams serve highly material purposes." But, above all, what one likes about Zukor is his modesty, his retiring attitude, his ability to excuse himself sincerely to an employee with whose work he may possibly have interfered.

GEORGE BERNARD SHAW can be more beholden to the Theatre Guild probably than any other single producer of his works anywhere in the world. Yet he constantly criticizes it and insists that his plays are produced better in London—which they certainly are not, as was notably the case with *Saint Joan* and *Back to Methuselah*. Shaw is known as a



pest at his London rehearsals and they are glad to see the last of him, so perhaps for the sake of the Guild it is just as well that the talented Irishman refrains from accepting the current united effort by artistic groups in this country to make him come to America. They have no chance of success; Shaw's contempt for us as a nation has been too consistent to make possible his changing that very obstinate nature. In a recent letter to the states concerning the production here of *Joan* he made several criticisms and then went on to say, "That's all I have to criticize, which is a pity, for I do it so well."

ANN HARDING is not the real name of the talented and blonde young heroine of *Tarnish*. Originally she called herself Dorothy Gatley, the name bestowed upon her by her father, General George E. Gatley of Texas.

*The Miracle* has finally closed after a run greater than the one originally expected for it. The profits over the cost of operating the monster production were \$200,000. This would be very pretty had the production not cost some \$650,000 before the first curtain rose, leaving a loss to be taken of about \$400,000 on the whole venture. This amount OTTO H. KAHN bears in full. The only winner has been Mr. MORRIS GEST, who has gotten public credit as being the daring investor in this artistic venture and who has been elevated by its publicity to the first place among American impresarios of big-scale entertainment. Before GATTI-CASAZZA was renominated for a new term as director of the Metropolitan, rumor had it that Mr. Gest was to be given the job.



The producing company to be headed by ROBERT MILTON, predicted by this department many months ago, is now an actuality, and under the demure title of Robert Milton, Inc., it already has handsome offices in the Capitol Theatre Building. For years Broadway has wondered why this distinguished Russian-American, generally conceded to be the foremost stage director in America and one of the best living, has been content to quietly stage plays for other men and make fortunes for them by doing so. But apparently some of it has been made for him as well, for I understand some elaborate productions are to be gone in for and the new company speaks of its plans for a new theatre to be known after the name of its founder and chief. The opening play to be put on by Milton and his group of associates is *The Exiles*, by Arthur Richman. In the event that the Milton group is unaware of the fact, let me advise them that the title, *The Exile*, has been given to a play by JAMES JOYCE, scheduled for production by the Neighborhood Playhouse next Fall. These two might very well clash in the public mind, and it would be regrettable to see two excellent producing units suffer by reason of a title which is not much good anyhow, as was shown last Winter when a piece by the same name, starring ELEANOR PAINTER, failed at the Cohan Theatre!

In Hollywood they are breathing sighs of relief that the Messrs. Leopold and Loeb are not picture actors. They are happy to have the spotlight of notoriety taken off the movies for a while and leveled at ornithology. It has been remarked in Los Angeles, however, that if a censor of conduct is to continue operating in studio-land it is only fair to have one keeping an eye on the bird-collectors of the nation.

DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS has never had a drink of alcoholic liquor in his life; RAYMOND HITCHCOCK, likewise, is an absolute abstainer. All of which proves nothing.

# Mirrors of Stageland

Intimate Glimpses Into the Character and Personality of Broadway's Famous Figures

By THE LADY WITH THE LORGNETTE

## XXXVIII. E. H. SOTHERN

AS I live, there's Eddie Sothern. We seldom see him at playhouses unless he is playing. He's a little tired of contemplating the stage. He really meant to leave it five years or more ago. The Twilight Club gave him a dinner and Arthur Brisbane, the editor apostle to the unwashed, implored him not to leave. But the little man doggedly hung his head and the great haranguer of the masses failed.

Well, Eddie's sixty-five you know, and at that age a man who has worked for "nigh on" fifty years is entitled to a rest. Although David Belasco—Dave is Eddie's senior by several years—has told me that he would work till the end. "I only hope," said the unique David, "that I will die while rehearsing a great scene."

Edward Sothern has no such ambition. He wants ease, repose, a tranquil mind and country life, which state none who are on tour, or even playing an engagement in the metropolis, enjoys. That state he prefers to experience in England. Which reminds me of a scratch that Robert Edeson once administered. "Sothern and I were born a block from each other in New Orleans. But he is an Englishman and I am an American. Please explain."

At any rate "E. H." keeps coming back. Not of his own choice but of necessity. His decision to desert us was made before the war and the war juggled the finances of would-be retired actors. So each year we hear that the Sothern-Marlowe aggregation will again illuminate our subterranean ignorance of Shakespeare. Last season the return was nearly disastrous. The distinguished company played to a "corporal's guard" at the theatre named for, and always filled by, the comedian of the gutta percha face and expansive smile, Al Jolson.

No, we seldom see Eddie at the theatres, unless Julia sends him. She is even more tired of the stage than is he and sends him to report on productions that might interest her did she feel equal to three hours in the playhouse. Notably when Jane Cowl played Juliet, which was one of Miss Marlowe's most satisfying rôles.

Mr. Sothern does not make the members of his company wholly happy. His is no "actors' heaven" as the mimes term a Belasco company. He is painfully fussy about the details of a performance. If a player lift a book from a table and put it back an inch to the right or left of the spot where it lay before, he receives a

reprimand. Unlike Edwin Booth, who said to a self conscious and not too competent member of his company who asked him where he should stand in a scene, "Never mind, my boy, I'll find you."

If a player declines an engagement with the Sothern-Marlowe company "E. H." is enraged.

"Eddie" is moody. A fellow traveler told me of having been snubbed by him for a proposal to take a mountain climb and returning, after the day's outing, to find the actor an incarnate smile of amiability.

An atmosphere of disappointment hangs about Sothern. His life sorrow is one of inches. He wanted to play tragedy. His lack of four inches has forced him into comedy, which, I understand, he detests. He wants to write, but the plays he has written have had short life. Notably *The Light That Lies* which ran briefly at the Criterion Theatre and in which his former wife, Virginia Harned, starred with William Courtenay, since her husband, as leading man.

"E. H." has beaming moments but his beams issue from moods that are often black, and seldom less than gray.

## XXXIX. ALISON SKIPWORTH

LOOK. That stylish stout at the left, going down the aisle, is Alison Skipworth. This is "Skippy's" best year.

Everybody calls her "Skippy" at the second meeting. The colossal dignity she invoked when she appeared as a queen in the last act of *The Swan* is assumed. It is acting, and at one hundred per cent, for she takes the stage at the last act and commands it throughout, though she only has been talked about before. Once in her dressing-room she is "Skippy" to all-comers.

She is first cousin, in spirit, to Rose Coghlan. Both came to us from England. Both brought a florid beauty and a ringing voice. Both assert themselves and their beliefs loudly without fear of contradiction. Both have a compelling presence before which lesser personalities wilt as a violet in an August drought.

"Skippy" wasn't an especially good actress by American standards when she came to this country. None save Daniel Frohman, her importer, would deny it. But she bloomed!—as Rose Coghlan had done twenty years before her. Year by year little asperities of speech and manner wore away. She has learned.

She waited, not patiently, for "Skippy" is short on patience, for the big chance. It came, after she had been in this country a quarter of a century, when she played in *Torchbearers*. As George Kelly, the author of that satiric comedy, said, she "stepped on" that chance.

"Skippy" has two hobbies. Farming and music. With British thrift she soon bought a small farm at Smithtown, Long Island. She labels its extent by its title, "Seven Acres." There she retreats after a quarrel with a manager or a friend, to "see it right." A small, chosen circle of her friends she entertains there by relays in summer vacations.

Music. If you mention the word "Skippy" closes her eyes and her muscles ripple into the relaxation of complete ecstasy. She used to sing in *The Gaiety Girl*. Fancy plump "Skippy" a Gaiety girl! "I have always tried to play the piano and couldn't," she says in her commanding tone. But she goes to every concert in town while she is not queening in *The Swan*.

The best music she hears moves her to tears, the worst to harsh words tintured with profanity. One afternoon she heard a pianist in a drawing-room. She looked up, stared, and followed each chord of the young performer with fascination.

"Introduce me to that boy," she said. It was as though an empress were speaking.

"What's your name?" she asked the slight, dark musician with eyes in which dreams lay.

"Daniel Wolfe," he answered.

She heard his story, learned that his father had taken him as far as the family finances permitted, and said: "I want to hear you play again. Come to see me."

"Have you a piano?" asked the dreamy-eyed lad.

"No. But I'll get one."

She paid six hundred fifty dollars for a piano for her protégé. The youth plays for her every day. She says she intends to place him in the front rank of American musicians though she starve.

That's "Skippy," impulsive, warm hearted, explosive, occasionally more than slightly profane. Although she married and is still the wife of Frank Markham Skipworth, the artist, she says she "hates men."

She stands, an adamantine figure, against the vogue of the flat, flapper figure. "If a woman is well proportioned why try to make a shad of herself?" she demands.

Yet the light-minded have observed that in her period of first solitude at Smithtown a majestic figure in natural colored linen stalks the dusty country roads. If one of these dares to ask whether she is reducing she answers: "No. I'm keeping fit, you fool!"





Mouroe

*Charming Gertrude Bryan soon will be seen on Broadway in John V. A. Weaver's comedy, "Love 'Em and Leave 'Em." Until she lately was prevailed upon to return to the stage in "Sittin' Pretty" her bewitching personality and finished artistry had been for ten years as far removed from Broadway and her triumphant "Little Boy Blue" as the luxurious Long Island estate of a rich husband. The managers finally overcame that gentleman's unwillingness to have her do so, and she has made a welcome return*



MARY BLAIR: IN "ALL GOD'S CHILLUN GOT WINGS"

*O'Neill's Sensational Tragedy of Racial Intermarriage Has Been Distinguished by the  
Fine Work of This Actress as the Demented White Wife*

# The Equity Fight—What Has It Accomplished?

*Plain Causes and Effects of the Seven-Year Conflict Between Actors and Managers*

By BURR C. COOK

**I**N the mind of the average theatre-goer, the present controversy between actors and managers has assumed the aspects of a legal brawl. The smoke-screen of court injunctions, strikes, arbitrations, secessions and concessions, has tended to obscure the issues. As a matter of fact, a significant social adjustment has taken place. Labor, as represented by the actor, has signed a new declaration of rights with Capital, as represented by the manager. How that adjustment came about and what it means to actor and manager respectively is of interest.

In 1913 I had a friend who was an actor. He was just an ordinary actor—although he may not have thought so—up against the ordinary trials and tribulations of his profession. I cite his case, therefore, as an unprejudiced example of conditions the actor faced in the theatre at that time.

In July of that year he got a job with a well-known New York manager for a season of Shakespearean repertoire and signed one of the usual contracts. Among the clauses in that contract, to which he agreed, were the following:

1.—To prepare and rehearse the parts assigned to him and attend all rehearsals at such places and at such times as the manager might direct, without compensation.

The company rehearsed three weeks in New York, traveled to Reno, Nevada, where they rehearsed one more week, giving three performances, then went to Berkeley, California, where they rehearsed one week, giving one performance. From there they moved to San Francisco and rehearsed four weeks more before they opened. After that they rehearsed every day during the first two months or so of the season.

In other words, my friend spent nine weeks rehearsing without pay and considered himself fortunate, because he had not been obliged to pay his car-fare to the point of opening. Many contracts at that time stipulated that transportation to the opening point and back to the closing point should be paid by the actor.

2.—To furnish all costumes at his own expense and in case of sickness or disability to loan said costumes to the actor substituted to play his part.

## A CASH INVESTMENT

THAT is to say, he had to place a cash investment in the company and run the risk of the show closing after a week's run. And, if he was ill or temporarily disabled, somebody else could wear out his expensive costumes for him.

3.—To perform at all evening and the usual and holiday matinées and Sunday afternoons and evenings, where such performances were permitted.

It often happened that he had to play

as many as fourteen performances a week—with no additional compensation.

4.—The manager agreed to pay him twenty-five dollars a week while actually performing and proportionately less for any performance missed, for any cause whatsoever. His salary to be paid the Tuesday following each week of performance—(instead of on the day it was actually due!) In case he was discharged, for any cause, the manager was under no obligation to furnish transportation to his point of engagement.

5.—If at any time during rehearsals the manager decided the actor's work was inadequate his contract could be immediately canceled and no claim could be brought against the manager by reason thereof.

## FIRED WITHOUT NOTICE

WHICH meant that, after rehearsing from ten in the morning until eleven at night for perhaps ten weeks, he might be told that his services were no longer required. And without even a day's notice, or compensation in lieu of notice.

6.—The manager reserved the right to suspend the season for one full week preceding Christmas and Easter or, if he chose to engage bookings during said weeks, the actor must agree to receive only half his salary during that period.

It often transpired that the company was laid off for days at a time—quite apart from the Christmas and Easter holidays—without salary. The manager apparently wanted my friend simply to gamble his time and talents on the problematical success of the production.

7.—The manager reserved the right to make rules and regulations governing the members of his company as he thought advisable and could impose fines upon the actor for any violations of these rules. In case the manager considered that the actor was neglecting to give a finished performance he could immediately terminate the agreement, the exercise of such option not being subject to review.

This was a delightful arrangement, evidently designed to protect my friend from his own vagaries of temperament. In case the existence of a legitimate disagreement was admitted, he could have recourse to that final arbiter and judge—the manager, or take his case to the courts!

The most significant comment on the status of the actor and his profession at that time lies in the fact that my friend was perfectly willing to sign this so-called contract. He left New York in August and the company had a run of five months on the coast. Toward the end of the fourth month, on the ground that he was not playing a particular part the way the star wanted it played, my friend's contract was terminated.

The following March, after buying his

costumes, losing two weeks on account of illness and paying his fare back to New York, he arrived in town with just \$4.80 more than when he started.

Such conditions actually existed in the theatre up to as late as 1918. The clauses, given in substance above, are actual clauses from an actual contract. The actor was in a state of slightly advanced peonage. Many other abuses obtained.

Managers would incorporate a producing company, for example, with dummy directors and a capitalization of a thousand dollars or so, gambling on the first few weeks' proceeds of the show to tide them over. If the show flopped and the thousand dollars had been spent on scenery and transportation—as was usually the case—there was nothing to attach in legal proceedings and the actors, who had no way of collecting their salaries, were the only ones to suffer.

When a company ran out of funds and became stranded on some distant Main Street they were left entirely on their own resources to find their way home again. Salaries were often cut without notice. If an actor had been engaged for a production and the production was not made no compensation was received.

When my friend got back from the West he discovered that a society of actors had been formed—on May 26, 1913—which was attempting to combat these conditions in the theatre. It was known as the Actor's Equity Association and consisted of about four hundred members. He joined the organization and, due to their persistent efforts, by 1917 was able to sign a standard contract. This contract was not perfect but, in comparison with others he had signed, was an extremely flattering document.

Its terms were accepted by the United Managers' Protective Association and obtained for three years, or until the spring of 1919. Then the producing managers formed a new association and refused to recognize the Actor's Equity Association as representing the actor. This led to the strike of August 7, 1919.

## THE 'NINETEEN STRIKE'

THE Equity Association, then numbering two thousand nine hundred members, had taken out a charter from the American Federation of Labor and the strike lasted exactly one month. On September 6, 1919, a new agreement was signed with the Producing Managers' Association, which remained in force until the first of last June. This agreement was really the actor's Magna Charta. By its terms he was protected from practically all the abuses which existed under the old order of things. It was a great victory and drew into Equity's rank over ten thousand members, or ninety per cent of

(Continued on page 44)

all the actors and actresses in the country. Its benefits to both actor and manager are as follows:

To the actor it guarantees:

That his wages shall be paid each week during the run of a play, or, in case of a so-called Standard Minimum contract, that his services cannot be terminated except on two weeks' notice, at full pay.

That in case a dispute arises between actor and manager he has recourse to arbitration, both parties choosing representatives who, in turn, appoint an umpire to decide the issue.

That the time of unpaid rehearsals is reduced to four weeks for dramatic productions and five weeks for musical shows, after which the actor must be paid for his services. In addition the probationary period—when an actor may be dismissed—is reduced to seven days for dramatic and ten days for musical productions.

That actresses shall have all costumes furnished by the management and actors, all costumes outside the accepted morning, afternoon and evening wear.

That unknown producers must deposit a sum equal to two weeks' full pay for all members of their casts, as a guarantee, before the production is undertaken.

That all employment must be consecutive and all lay-offs paid for. Eight performances shall constitute a week's work and extra performances must be paid for, *pro rata*. No half salary shall be paid at any time.

THE MANAGERIAL BENEFITS

To the manager it guarantees:

That all actors in full Equity casts shall be bonded by their organization against any breaking or "jumping" of their contracts with the managers.

That the managers can now deal directly with a responsible organization representing ninety per cent. of all the actors in the country, who are pledged to abide by its decisions.

That, for the above reason, the manager can depend upon stable conditions in his labor market for the duration of his con-

tract, which also stabilizes his yearly obligations as to the cost of productions.

That he has recourse to arbitration in lawsuits brought against him by individual actors and entirely free rein as to hours of rehearsal, salaries, casting of plays, etc.

NO SYMPATHY STRIKES

THAT, as long as he fulfills the obligations of his contract, he shall be free of the danger of strikes. (By consent of the other theatrical unions Equity has guaranteed that there shall be no sympathetic strikes by the actors' organization in conjunction with these allied unions.)

This agreement held until June 1, 1924, but applied only to those managers belonging to the Producing Managers' Association. There were a goodly number of independent managers with whom Equity had to deal, but with whom they could form no general agreement. To obviate this difficulty the Equity shop idea was evolved. This made it compulsory for all independent managers to engage full Equity casts, and from 1921 to the present time, they have abided by this arrangement.

A year ago Equity and the P. M. A. appointed committees to arrange for a new agreement to follow the one which expired on May 31. They ironed out all difficulties except the Equity shop idea, which Equity stipulated should become a part of any renewed contracts. In October, L. Lawrence Weber and Lee Shubert, acting for the P. M. A., met with Frank Gillmore and John Emerson of Equity and gradually worked out the now famous "80-20" agreement, which was really a compromise permitting all members of the P. M. A. to form casts composed of eighty per cent. Equity players and twenty per cent. independents or members of the Actors' Fidelity League—the rival actors' organization. It was stipulated by Equity, however, that all independents, who were not members of Fidelity, should, while playing, be compelled to pay dues to the Equity Association.

This is one of the points now at issue. Equity's stand in the matter is based on the contention that as long as these independent

actors must, necessarily, profit by the nation-wide legislation and protective activities of Equity, they should, while playing, pay to Equity the same fees that are demanded of Equity members.

The new arrangement was voted down by the P. M. A., and Lee Shubert, and a number of other managers having large interests in theatres and productions, seceded from the P. M. A., formed what is known as the Managers' Protective Association and negotiated the new agreement with Equity, embodying the 80-20 clause. At the same time Equity players under the management of the remaining members of the P. M. A. terminated their contracts, causing the closing of six theatres and the decease of at least four successful plays.

THE DECISION APPEALED

THE P. M. A., headed by Augustus Thomas, David Belasco, Sam Harris and others, immediately sought to bring an injunction prohibiting Equity and the M. P. A. and their members from negotiating any contracts or agreements except through the P. M. A. Supreme Court Justice Philip J. McCook, on May 28, handed down an opinion sustaining Equity and the M. P. A. on all points at issue. This decision has been appealed to the Appellate Division and should have been decided by the time this article goes to press.

The chief contention in this appeal seems to be that the collection of dues from independent actors amounts to a conspiracy in restraint of trade, coercion, etc. To complicate matters an additional injunction has been sought by the Actors' Fidelity League, claiming that the agreement between Equity and the M. P. A. creates in reality a closed shop and practically forces them out of the theatre.

There is the situation as it stands to-day. However, these correlative objections may be decided—and there is no intention in the present article of minimizing their importance—the main victory has been won. The American actor has achieved his independence and it only remains to be seen how wisely he benefits by it.

## The Sower of Dreams

*To Frederick H. Koch, the originator of the folk-play idea, and director of the Carolina Playmakers*

Across an age of grim commercial greed  
He shyly walks, conversing with the night,  
His youthful eyes with ancient dreams alight,  
And clasped within one hand are golden seed—  
The other holding close a slender reed  
He dares not raise and sound with wind-swept might,  
Lest shaggy music bursting sudden . . . white . . .  
Allure his soul and blind his eyes to need.

But casting here and there for fertile ground—  
The mute reed held neglected in his hand,  
His old young eyes evasively aglow—  
He sows the precious seed, and hears a sound  
Of tiny waking songs throughout the land,  
Then pipes to them persuasively and low.

—JOY KIME BENTON.

# T H E A M A T E U R S T A G E

Edited By M. E. KEHOE



A VERY beautiful and sympathetic performance of Martinez Sierra's comedy, *The Cradle Song*, was given in the spring by the Idler Club of Radcliffe College. H. T. Parker paid this splendid tribute to their work in the Boston *Transcript*: "The pedant scrutinizing the acting could list faults of commission here and errors of omission there . . . yet not from one, but from all, came the illusion of the performance penetrating and permeating. The body and the spirit of Sierra's comedy had infused themselves into these players and out of their eagerness and honesty both poured." The costumes and settings were the work of the club members



Above: Act II from *The Cradle Song*—the Nuns preparing the trousseau for Theresa, the foundling who has grown up among them and is soon to go out in the world

Left: Sister Joanna (played by Miss Hoffman), with Theresa, the foundling she had mothered (played by Miss Harriet Hammand) in a tender leave-taking, just before the arrival of Theresa's lover

# The Amateur's

# Green Room



## Behind the Scenes in the Colleges, Schools, Clubs and Little Theatres

**I**N the course of an interesting visit from Miss J. Justina Smith, who came up to New York from Texas, where she is head of the Department of Dramatics, The Texas State College for Women, at Denton, we learned of the ambitious and varied dramatic program that is being carried forward at this Texas College, devoted to Domestic and Fine Arts. Their four-year drama course qualifies students for play directing in all its branches, and Miss Smith tells us that the demand for these directors far exceeds the supply, particularly in small communities throughout Texas where home talent is the only form of entertainment obtainable, and the people are eager for trained directors who will guide them through the intricacies of play production.

During the past year, in addition to minor productions, The Dramatic Club presented a bill of three one-act plays, *The Diabolical Circle*, *Confessional*, *The Knave of Hearts* and *The Rivals*; The Faculty Club presented Oscar Wilde's *The Importance of Being in Earnest*; The Senior Class produced *It Pays to Advertise* and the Junior Class *Come Out of the Kitchen*—these in addition to many dramatic readings and original plays and pageants worked out by the students.

The Theatre Workshop idea appears to have taken firm root in Santa Barbara, where the Santa Barbara Dramatic Workshop, a branch of the Community Arts Association, successfully produced two one-act plays, after an existence of but seven weeks. Under the direction of Florence Wilbur, who organized the Workshop, the students designed and executed both productions and they have in preparation a children's performance of *Alice in Wonderland*.

The Community Arts Association was recently granted an endowment of \$25,000 a year with which to extend its educational work, and in this the drama workshop shares and is enabled to offer scholarships to people of marked talents who would otherwise be unable to participate in the work. Pantomime, rehearsal, costuming, directing, lighting, setting, criticism and writing are being stressed by Miss Wilbur in her Community Workshop and her group is now eager for original one-act plays.

The delightful Houseman play, *The Chinese Lantern*, was presented by the Senior Class of Limestone College at Gaffney, South Carolina, under the direc-

tion of Grace C. Watson, who heads the Department of Expression and Dramatic Art. The honors of the evening went to Elizabeth Earle as Yunglangsti, Rosalie Huggins in the part of Josi-Mosi and Ruby Kinard as Mee-Mee, the Korean slave girl. The use of organ music, with the Chinese high-sounding oboe stops in evidence, gave a decided Oriental flare to the Feast of the Lanterns scene, and on the whole the production was an artistic success.

Walter Vincent Gavigan, a senior of Bates College, Lewiston, Me., will head a group of Bates College men and women to be known as The Collegiate Players—a stock company which will tour neighboring towns. Mr. Gavigan will play character parts in the company.

Under the direction of Talma Zetta Wilbur, the recently organized Theatre Arts Club of San Francisco gave a program of four one-act plays which included *The Constant Lover*, *The Cheat of Pity*, *Masks and Finders Keepers*.



Nathan Kuhlman and Elizabeth Boykin in a Spanish number from The Junior League Follies, recently staged at Memphis, Tenn.

*A Pagoda Slave* and *Ruby Red* were recently presented at the Manual Arts High School, Los Angeles, by the Southwest Community Theatre. Caroline S. Abrahams directed the plays.

The Springfield (Illinois) Community Players made their first venture into the field of the full-length play with Owen Davis' *Icebound*. This organization, now in its third season, ordinarily gives but two performances of each bill, but *Icebound* was so well received they repeated it on three successive nights with a fourth invitation performance in a near-by town. They reduced their set for *Icebound* to one scene which was confined to the parlor of the Jordan home, thus obviating that most annoying problem of amateur productions—the long wait while changing scenes.

The Homewood Playshop, the Johns Hopkins' University, closed their dramatic season with a bill of one-act plays, a one-acter by Elmer L. Greensfelder entitled *Six Stokers Who Own the Bloomin' Earth*, creating the sensation of the evening.

One of the important Dramatic Schools of New York, where setting and lighting are particularly stressed, will rent their *Pomander Walk* set, consisting of three practical house fronts with doors and wood-wings—also several other sets which they have on hand, together with borders to match. The sets will be expressed anywhere in the United States. For further information address The Amateur Editor, THEATRE MAGAZINE.

Beginning with the October issue, a series of articles rich in suggestion for Instructors of Dramatics in High Schools will be featured in this Department. Clarence Stratton, author of *Producing in Little Theatres* and Director of English, Cleveland Board of Education, will contribute the first four of the series, and Ralph Smalley of the Mechanic Arts High School, St. Paul, will give us two articles on practical stage-craft. Each article will be illustrated with drawings and illustrations. For detailed announcement of the entire series see page 57 of this issue.



Garden scene in the Hindu film play, "Vasantasena," with Hazeltine Taylor as the heroine; Mary Bishop, the slave girl; Millard Hand as Charudatita and Paul Wilson as Sharvilaka

## Students of Pratt Institute Produce a Hindu Film Play

A HINDU photoplay of unusual interest was shown at the Metropolitan Museum of Art in May, embodying the results of Museum study of Persian manuscripts by students of Pratt Institute, Brooklyn.

Miss Grace O. Clarke, under whose direction the picture was executed, had long held the theory that the practical application of museum research study, to student work, presented a tremendous field, and by way of demonstrating her theory she chose the film rather than the spoken drama, because it remains as a permanent record of the results accomplished.

"Vasantasena—an Eastern Miniature," was accordingly adapted from a tenth century Hindu play—the designs, costumes and settings were worked out by members of the Costume Illustration and Interior Decorating Classes of Pratt Institute, who had spent the winter in research work from the Cochrane Collection of Persian and Indian miniatures in the Metropolitan Museum. A feature of particular interest to students of scenic design is the fact that they worked entirely in black and white, in order to eliminate the complication of color in photography.

The production was done under the direction of Miss Clarke and Mr. Philip N. Pratt, both instructors at Pratt Institute, and the result of their combined efforts was a beautiful and dignified picture of unusual educational and artistic value—so entirely correct from an historical standpoint that the Metropolitan Museum has taken it under its wing as a permanent record of accomplishment.



One of many lovely stills from "Vasantasena."

*"Here King Shudraka a tale imparts  
Of love's pure festival in two young hearts,  
Of jewels, a lie and a garden gate,  
Of wedding feasts and the course of fate."*

# New York's Most Eclectic Cellar

## A Rendezvous for Celebrities

THE "Sophisticates" of New York have found in the Triangle Theatre a new rendezvous for their activities. Although Triangle is primarily a playhouse, and one that caters to an exacting clientele of theatregoers, it is considered more in the nature of a club; for here, one can find any evening authors, artists, musicians, dramatic critics, journalists and epicures of the theatre, who gather together both to see Triangle's latest experiments in the drama and to contribute their talent to its program.

The home of this artistic haunt is in a large triangular cellar under a Chinaman's laundry on the outskirts of Greenwich Village. Being underground may no doubt be

with a pleasant air of mystery. The walls are adorned with grotesque masks, original paintings, caricatures and sketches, and at the apex of the room is a canvas with a painted-window effect that glows softly when lighted from behind.

There is something appealing about Triangle that makes it a magnet for New York's intellectuals. There is nothing similar to it in this country, though abroad it might be compared to the famous Chauve-

chorus. Or perhaps someone will get up to read character at sight, though it comes nearer to being sightless. Or a visiting Mexican soprano will offer a solo from her seat in the last row. This informal talent adds, of course, to the intime and personal atmosphere that is so much a feature of Triangle.

Here celebrities drop in every evening. A regular patron will see there Daniel Frohman, Witmark, Roy McCandell, cre-

(Right) Cap'n John Smith and Noah, completely flabbergasted at Jonah's ultimatum: "Don't you pester me with any more narration. Go get famous, get a reputation," as all three swap, from celestial heights, the typical fishermen's yarns. Left to right: Charles Penman as Cap'n John Smith, Belford Forrest as Jonah, and Romeyn Benjamin as Noah, in the play "Noah, Jonah and Cap'n John Smith," presented at the Triangle Theatre

(Below) The Triangle Theatre, with Kathleen Kirkwood, originator and director of this unique underground playhouse, seated at the left of the group



symbolic of the firmness with which its high ideals are rooted. At any rate, it is certainly the most eclectic cellar in New York, and about the most difficult place to find. One burrows around Mulry Square, Seventh Avenue and Perry Street like a rabbit until one suddenly comes upon its freshly painted door. Its modest triangular sign is almost completely eclipsed by the vulgarly pretentious ones of the laundry and millinery shops that are next door to it. Then, a headlong hegira from the sidewalk, and one is in the midst of a low room of architectural quaintness that is pervaded

Souris or the little Guignol theatres in Paris. It is, in fact, a delightful combination of both. For like them, the audience at Triangle is an integral part of the performance.

ONE sits comfortably at a table, smokes, sips ginger ale, and contributes to the general discussion during the *entr'actes*. Or listens to a little Southern girl who sits among the audience and strums her guitar to the accompaniment of "All God's Chillun Got Wings," "Sugar Baby," "Old Sambo," with the audience joining in the

ator of the famous Jarr family, usually with Ada Patterson and a party of newspaper friends. Harrison Ford comes there between engagements to potter around the stage and direct his pretty wife in a scene; Fay Marbe to try her hand at a dramatic piece as a rest from her dancing and singing; George Cohan, Ned Wayburn, George Kelly, Francine Larrimore, Burr McIntosh, Grace George, and Fay Bainter looking for possible talent, and finding it too; Theodore Dreiser to see the production of his latest sketch; managers looking for ma-  
*(Continued on page 64)*

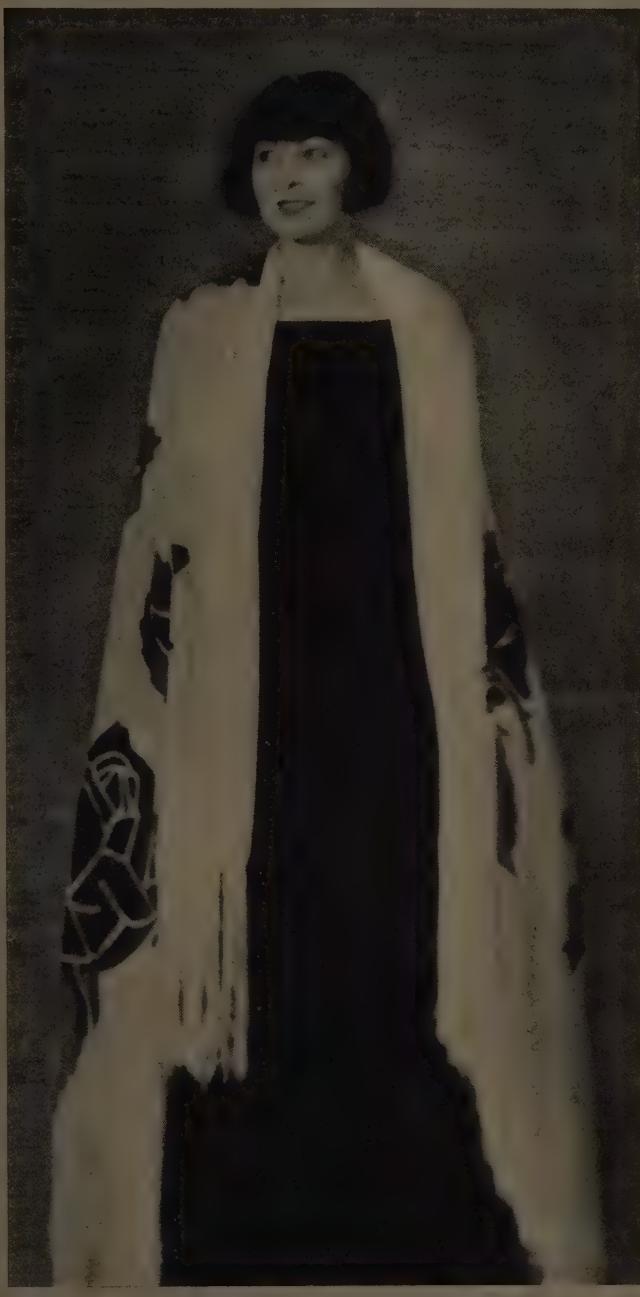
# The Promenades of Angelina

Sketches by Charles LeMaire

WHAT a joy to get through with that long rainy Spring, and emerge into the nice warm Summer days! I got so bored carrying an umbrella around and trying to hail a taxi in a downpour around six o'clock—almost a prestidigitator's trick at that hour in New York . . Now that we have only one car it is usually at the disposal of Mother . . Even so Mother had her own little pet grievance about the rain . . It concerned Father and his frightful propensity for losing umbrellas . . Though he's English born and therefore has the umbrella carrying habit, it doesn't seem to extend to a faculty for hanging onto one . . He's always losing umbrellas . . Mother says he wouldn't be Father if he could keep one for more than a week . . that he probably has one of those well-known modern complexes on the subject, some painful association with an umbrella in his youth which his subconscious is always trying to get rid of . . She does wish he'd go and have it psychoanalyzed away, she says, as she hates to see him carrying the cheap-looking umbrellas he must because of this affliction . . It's no use, you see, his or our putting money into something that is going to disappear so quickly . . He says, however, that he's in good company . . good and large . . that the world is full of people just like him . .

Evidently . . Because it has inspired a certain manufacturer to invent what is called a "can't-lose" device. A man I know showed it to me on his umbrella recently . . You know that little strip of material with which you fasten together the ribs of your umbrella . . Well, that has been made to do double duty in the simplest but most ingenious fashion. . A strip of isinglass is attached to the back of that little umbrella strap and in this is inserted a slip of paper with one's name and address . . Of course this can't save

your umbrella from deliberate theft, but it does serve as a means of identification . . I'm sure the places where Father goes, for instance, would be only too glad to return him his umbrella if they only knew it was his . . And when this man showed me his umbrella with the "can't-lose" device I immediately thought of



Rabinovitch

Mary Kennedy, who was leading lady of that intriguing mystery play of the season, *In The Next Room*, posed in one of Fashion's latest notes, the hand-painted Russian shawl. This, designed and executed by Agafonoff, has Russian motifs in the vivid Russian colorings on white

Father . . I learned that they could be purchased at Altman's and I went there and purchased him one, a not too expensive kind . . If he manages to keep that any length of time he can have a prouder one . . there were all kinds and qualities to choose from, and for women as well as men . . Mother was much pleased when she learned about my discovery . . She thought the "can't-lose" device would surely prove a kind of incantation working subconsciously against Father's complex . . and in time we should have him completely cured . .

A letter last month from Fanny, who, if you remember, sailed for her first trip to the other side in April, contained some fashion bits that I think might interest you . . She peregrinated down from Paris, through Marseilles and other places, to Cap Antibes, which she used as a base, making short trips to Monte Carlo and Nice and Mentone from there . . And though she only arrived at the tail end of the season she was still able to catch glimpses of smartness . . Almost every big French couturier has a place at Nice, she said, and she was especially pleased with the shops, feeling that she saw prettier things there than she had in Paris . . She gave me a little word picture of the costume that was most generally popular with the French woman on the Riviera, which goes as follows:

"White shoes with pointed toes, no stockings, or else a distinct nude shade . . a white dress of some simple material, often with a narrow red leather belt around a low waistline, and very short sleeves, almost none . . A little cloche, very plain, some kind of bright earrings, and then one of the big scarves folded like an Ascot tight around her throat with an end hanging down behind over her shoulder . . She carries often a little umbrella of a bright shade, simple but quite effective . . And here's some

salve for the American girl, though you must remember that this is all a comparison of averages and doesn't apply to special cases . . . "They" (meaning the French woman) "all look a lot better at a distance, as they haven't such pretty skins and hair as the average American girl nor, of course, our feet . . . And the materials of the dresses are noticeably inferior to ours . . You can tell the American every time by the clear-cut workmanship and the better material in her clothes . . But," winds up Fanny, paying tribute to the w. k. French chic, "the French girl certainly gets the effect at a distance" . .

Fanny said that when she was in Paris the very newest and most exclusive thing for evening frocks and for evening shawls were the hand-painted materials done by the Russians . . "Look out for them in the coming season," she wrote . .

Well, for once we seem to be neck and neck with Paris, due to the fact, I suppose, that our Russian colony is becoming as large as theirs . . For we have already been "showing" Russian hand-painted fabrics for several weeks . . First of all, the new Ziegfeld Follies is full of them . . Mr. Le Maire, our artist, who "did," as they say, the costumes for the new production, declared that as soon as he saw the work of one Russian in particular he insisted on having it used in every possible place in the whole show . . Consequently the skirts of the gypsy costumes are hand-painted . .



For a warm-weather, August-to-September pocketbook nothing could be more charming to carry with light clothes, especially white, than this envelope bag, about nine inches long, with eyelet embroidery in the colors of either red or peacock green.

the Spanish shawls . . the Jazz costumes . . And the colors were so marvelous, and it seemed so impossible to have too much of them that even the ribbons used in connection with the costumes were dyed by this same man . . A Russian, he has changed his name from some tongue-



Every month the designers offer us something new and fetching in the way of vests for tailor suits. This one, of washable silk broadcloth, in white, powder blue, or yellow, is delightfully practical, because of its little cap sleeves, which make it possible to discard one's coat indoors on a warm day, and appear in one's vest

twister ending in a "ski" or an "ich," I believe, to read from left to right as Russell . . His painting near to looks like raised embroidery and the whole conception of his work is entirely individual with the man, one beauty of it being, Mr. Le Maire says, that Russian designs are not insisted on exclusively. Many Japanese and Chinese designs are used by him and his pet motifs are young deer and birds of paradise . .

While I am on the subject of "The Follies," let me tell you that it is particularly desirable to see this year's edition because it is the first one that is really a fashion show, all the costumes in it, from start to finish, being modern . . The Follies gives the handkerchief scarf a new lease of life with the cowboy number, in which all the cowboy costumes surrounding Will Rogers sport handkerchief scarves. Campfire Girls, please take notice! Some of the scarves are tied round the neck cowboy fashion . . others are looped through the belt and left hanging . . still others are twisted round the arm and tied in a strong knot . . Tubby and I both went into raptures over the first act finale in "The Follies," which has that marvelous water-melon pink-and-flesh combination . . No, not the flesh of arms and legs . . which I have wanted to see for so long . . The entire company is afame with this color, the whole affair an inspiration from a cape made in Paris and sent over to Billie Burke, who, of course you know, is Mrs. Florenz Ziegfeld . .

To return a moment to the Russian painting on fabrics . . some very beautiful shawls of this character are being shown at The Russian Art Exchange in the Hecksher Building at Fifty-seventh Street . . The fascinating Mary Kennedy, who in-

trigued New Yorkers this winter as the star of that corking mystery play, "In the Next Room," posed in one of these shawls for us, wearing it over a sleeveless plain black satin frock, to get the best contrast . . The shawl is in white, with big splashing Russian motifs in vivid Russian colors and with long hand-wrought fringes . . They are so effective, these shawls, that they absolutely "make" any frock, even the simplest, over which they are worn . . In fact, the simpler the frock, the better . .

Perhaps the most stunning of all of them are from the hand of the Russian artist, Victor Haveman, whose work has appeared from time to time in our magazine . . The designs he employs on his shawls have a peculiar value in that Mr. Haveman has made a study of fashions and these designs are adapted to the swing of the feminine figure, to slenderizing it, to make a striking picture, no matter how they are worn or draped . . They are so stunning that they are almost what I might call fool-proof . . It would be practically impossible, it seems to me, even for any



Virginia Hammond, who loves magpie combinations, is carrying a glistening summer afternoon or evening bag like this in black and white. It is made up of white beads on white silk-and-cotton crochet, with little lines of shining black beads.

idiot, to put them on in such a way as to look tame . . And when you have a good-looking woman wearing one, you have a mouthful.

Mr. Haveman is making these shawls not so much in quantities . . so many of such and such a pattern, but rather to suit

the individual . . . Three of the smartest places on the Avenue are showing his shawls so that one can buy them right off the reel, if one wishes . . . But Mr. Have man prefers to make them to order, with suggestions as to the orderer's type and coloring, that tones and designs may be selected which will be harmonious . . . Swept with huge, gorgeous "sunbirds," or ornamented with enormous conventional roses similar to that on the shawl worn by Mary Kennedy, his shawls are in combinations of scarlet crêpe de Chine with navy, of black and red, of white with pink, brown and blue, of black and white . . . Each shawl has its name . . . One, intended for the beach, was in yellow, with an enormous sunfish pattern, and was called the "Galloping Fish," after Sid Chaplin's last picture . . .

Virginia Hammond, who has a passion like myself for black and white, ordered one of these shawls in black crêpe de Chine, with long black fringes and a design of white "sunbirds" painted on it . . . And I was so fetched with the same combination that I too ordered one just like it . . . I shall wear it some evening, when Tubby takes me to the Ritz Roof, over a simple sleeveless black crêpe de Chine frock, with white coral beads and ear rings and create a stir.

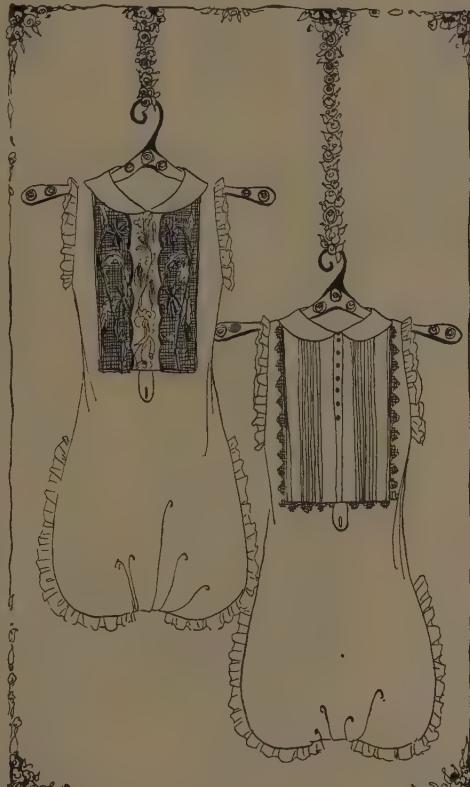
I ran into Miss Hammond, who as leading lady for William Courtenay has been away on tour almost a year, on Fifth Avenue . . . She was looking radiant in a simple black and white one-piece frock and little black and white cloche, on which I had to remark . . . and she told me what a favorite black and white was with her . . . Strangely enough for a blonde, she says she can't wear pink or blue, the usual blonde colors . . . that she looks totally without distinction in them . . . Her substitute has to be black and white . . . Speaking of which, where did I think she could find a smart-looking black and white bag to carry for late afternoon or evening . . . something a bit dressy, but not too much so . . . she needed just that to finish off a certain costume . . .

As we were near Thirty-eighth Street, I suggested that she try Bonwit Teller, and Miss Hammond asked me to come along with her to see what we could see . . . In the shop she found what she wanted almost immediately . . . a small shape just large enough to hold a handkerchief, a vanity case and lip-stick, a bill or two . . . It was of white silk and cotton crochet, with dull white beads and slender lines of shiny black beads (see the sketch on the opposite page), delightfully chic and cool-looking . . . There were some bags



The newest in vests for the tailor suit, of fine piqué with black bone buttons and two little pockets. Note the short cut line of the bottom which gives it the air of a man's smart evening vest

of a similar type in all white, but of course she wanted the magpie effect . . . Another delightful bag, intended to carry in the



Nothing nicer for women has been invented this summer than the "vest step-in," as it is called, which combines a vestee to show beneath a frock or tailleur, and a chemise. The left-hand garment is of écrû filet lace and embroidery on white crêpe de Chine, and the other is all white crêpe de Chine with tucks, and pipings of leaf green, and tiny green buttons

daytime with white or light summer clothes, was shown us, a sketch of which also appears on the opposite page . . . This was an envelope shape in heavy white linen, with eyelet embroidery in a modern pattern worked in peacock green or the fashionable red . . .

Miss Hammond having fared so well, decided to look in the same shop for some vests for her tailor suit, and found something *too* attractive . . . First, a little vest of fine white piqué that ended abruptly at the waist-line, had two small pockets, and buttoned up with eight black bone buttons . . . It was frightfully swagger with its air of a man's evening clothes . . . and the only one of its kind that either Miss Hammond or I had seen . . . Another vest appealed to us through its small cap sleeves, splendid for a warm day, because you could shed your jacket in the house and still be perfectly presentable . . . to say nothing of the fact that the short sleeves took

care of the shield problem . . . The material of these vests was wash silk broadcloth, and they came not only in white but in powder blue and yellow as well . . . As the price for them was a mere *rien*, each of us purchased two . . .

Then Miss Hammond wished to take me up among the lingerie to hunt for something she had just heard about . . . "vest step-ins" . . . "They are vestees to wear with your frock or your suit, just like the usual ones, only instead of ending at the waist-line, they are attached to a step-in chemise," said Miss Hammond . . . "A friend of mine was telling me of them and I should like to get one" . . .

We found the "vest step-ins" that she was looking for . . . and I was filled with enthusiasm the minute I laid eyes on them . . . How annoyed I have been by the ordinary net vestee, or brassiere, or whatever you wish to call it, riding up from the waistband of my skirt, and the elastic at the bottom cutting into me . . . And then the convenience of the two-in-one garment! We agreed a long-felt want had been filled . . .

There were three styles of these good little garments to be had at Bonwit Teller's, two of which are shown on this page . . . One was of white crêpe de Chine, with a vest combined of écrû filet and embroidery, a narrow edge of filet running round the flat turn-over collars, the armholes and the bottom of the chemise . . . A second, of white crêpe de Chine also, had a vest of itself laid in little tucks, with pipings of leaf green crêpe de Chine, which also edged the collar and made the line of tiny buttons running down the center . . . A third "vest step-in," with a simple tucked vest and only an

edge of the filet on the flat, round collars, for trimming, was of pink georgette . . Each garment had a useful little tab, such as appears on men's shirts, at the end of the vest, to pin down underneath the skirtband and hold it in place . . Altogether a complete, practical, efficient service in the way of lingerie is offered in these tricky affairs . .

As we came down the main aisle on our way out, Miss Hammond called my attention to the chokers of large silver and gold beads . . the beads that are the moment's rage in Paris . . We stopped to inquire their price, finding it very reasonable considering their solid gold and silver qualities, and I making a note that it was considerably less than at two other shops where I had seen identically similar ones . . It is easy to see why these beads are so popular, their shiny surfaces reflecting the light in such a gay fashion, and the silver at least being universally becoming . . Not quite so becoming the gold beads, and demanding an unusual type . . The latter come in the yellow and green gold, and the silver in a shiny, an oxidized, or a bronze finish . . To wear with them are two types of earrings . . and one should really add the earrings for a completely telling effect . . a single large ball . . or four balls, all the same size, strung on a small chain . . Both pairs of earrings were as reasonably priced as the chokers . . So that's that . .

I walked up the Avenue with Miss Hammond as far as her charming apartment on Fifty-sixth Street . . thanked her for a most pleasant and profitable hour . . and made her promise to let me know as soon as her play for the new season was decided on . .

To change the subject abruptly. Tubby came back last Sunday from an all-day swim at Great Neck, that summer center of the actor and actress, saying that the place, as one man, had taken to the "Togatowel," and wanting to know if I knew about it . . For once I was ahead of the gentleman . . I did . . Mother stocked Togatowels at the beginning of the season for ourselves and our guests down in the country . . And I was the one who originally discovered them and made her do it . .

Tubby and I compared notes on the Togatowel and agreed that it was just the neatest little proposition, man and girl, that had happened along this many moons . . You'll love to hear about it, in case you haven't already . . Starting off, it is riskily described as "the bath towel with the double purpose" . . But seriously, it's a towel and a bath robe all in one . . no hooks . . no buttons . . no belts to lose, nor anything sewed

on . . About the length of two large towels, you slip it over your head with one gesture, tie it at the waist with another, and there you are . . It serves equally to go to the bath or to come from it . . to dry yourself . . to lounge about in . . And in summer it is invaluable for the bath-house and the beach . . Tubby said that the men and women of his party . . for the Togatowel knows no sex distinctions . . spent the greater part of the day in theirs . .

"Not at all unbecoming either, with their stripes of blue and red and green," was Tubby's comment . . "Not in the least," I agreed, "in fact, quite swanky . . I know that every guest who uses one down in the country thanks Mother profusely, and goes back to town determined to purchase Togatowels for themselves . . Were you given also to wear," we asked Tubby, "the little Togatowel booties made from the same Turkish toweling . . Mother stocked those too . . I dote on them" . . "Yes," Tubby assured us, "the booties too . . We had all the attentions coming . . and you can just believe I have ordered a Togatowel or two for my own apartment" . .

A novelty for the beach, which has originated from the clever brains of the Kleinert Rubber people, is a ribbon woven of rubber and silk, in Roman stripe colorings, and intended either to tie around one's

bathing cap, or to hold one's bob in place, so many of us refusing to restrain our hair under a cap . . The ribbons are from three to four inches wide, come in lengths that measure to go round the head and tie in a "kiss-me" bow at back, front, side, as you will . . No two ribbons, fortunately, can be made exactly alike, which gives each a distinct individuality, and though they are all on the Roman stripe order, as I have said, a certain tone, blue, or green, or yellow, will be dominant in each . . so that you can match up your eyes or your general coloring . . They really are charming, and since unspoiled by water, of the utmost practicality . . I took several of these rubber and silk ribbons down in the country last week, and was forced to give two of them up as presents to two flap friends of mine . . and the next thing I knew they had appeared on the tennis court tied around their foreheads . . It had been discovered that the ribbons, being unharmed by perspiration, were as useful there as in the water . .

I have just seen some of the new hats for Fall, and this time the cloche is really doomed . . At the present moment there is a distinct tendency toward larger shapes, to finish out the summer with . . But that isn't what I mean . . These new hats are still small in shape, but they have what can best be described as pot crowns, and

narrow though distinct brims . . They don't sound alluring, just like that, but I think I am not wrong in saying that you are going to like them, and that they will be becoming to most, even though the ladies who "modeled" for them had the advantage over the hats of being two beauties of the stage, one a former "Folly" and the other the lead in a new musical comedy . . We were all three in a smart establishment up the Avenue, and the "Folly" was choosing her chapeau to take to the Coast with her, where she is now in pictures, and the other girl was trying on hers for the musical comedy . .

One hat was of black satin, with a wide satin ribbon of very beautiful quality in a pink shade crushed around the crown, almost to the top, and tying in a soft bow on the side, its brim faced with pink . . The other was of plain green felt, with a green parrot perched at the side of the crown and drooping its tail feathers down over the brim. Both models were from Reboux.

(For prices of articles mentioned in "The Promenades" or any further information about them, write Angelina, CARE THEATRE MAGAZINE, 2 West 45th Street, New York City.)



The new Togatowel, which combines the double purpose of serving as bath towel and bath robe all in one. Made of Turkish toweling in stripes of white with different colors, it is smart and immensely practical for either the beach or the house. Togatowel booties of the same material may accompany it.



# LE TALC DE COTY

*Caressing the flesh with its impalpable fineness, leaving it satin-soft and smooth, COTY Talc Powder creates an effect of exquisite luxury, of refreshing dainty loveliness. It gives fragrance to the body delicate, haunting, subtly individual, in one's expressive COTY perfume odeur. The Eau de Toilette is a gentle astringent, deliciously cooling and invigorating to the skin.*

PARIS — JACINTHE — CHYPRE  
L'ORIGAN — JASMIN — EMERAUDE  
ROSE JACQUEMINOT  
AMBRE ANTIQUE  
STYX — L'OR



Eau de Toilette

Talc

*Address "Dep't T.M.8" for  
"THE ART OF PERFUMING"  
a booklet subtly describing types of women  
and their expressive perfumes - on request*

COTY INC.  
74 Fifth Avenue, New York  
CANADA — 55 McGill College Ave Montreal



MANY actresses, famous for the perfection of their beauty, have found the STAR-Rite Curling Iron invaluable in achieving that perfection.

This iron is complete with silk cord and detachable Bakelite plug, and has a two-piece handle, finished in rich Circassian Walnut, which allows the waver to be turned without kinking or twisting the green silk cord. It is safe, quick-heating and gives soft, even waves. With this iron you can quickly give your hair that faultless dress that professional beauty specialists achieve.



Betty Compson, appearing in Paramount Pictures. You, too, can have the same charming hair-dress if you use the STAR-Rite Curling Iron.

## STAR-Rite CURLING IRON

Fitzgerald Manufacturing Co., Torrington, Conn.

Canadian Fitzgerald Manufacturing Co.  
95 King Street, East, Toronto, Ontario



**\$350**

In Canada, \$4.50

### COUPON

If you will send this coupon to the beauty council's consultant, a copy of "Charm, Your Heritage," will be mailed to you. This book explains the STAR-Rite Beauty Council; gives many type coiffures by members of the council; gives valuable suggestions on the care and treatment of the face and hair.

Send to Helen Boyd, Consultant,  
130 West 42nd Street, New York,  
enclosing 4 cents in stamps.

A certificate comes with each STAR-Rite curling iron entitling you to the service of the beauty council.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_

### How to Dress Your Hair

## A Beauty and Fashion Service

Exclusively for  
STAR-Rite Users

The Fitzgerald Manufacturing Company provides for you the advice and counsel of these internationally famous specialists on the care and dress of your hair.

CLUZELLE BROS.  
45 West 57th Street

V. DARSY  
17 West 49th Street  
54 Rue du Faubourg  
St. Honoré, Paris

BEATRICE MABIE  
30 East 54th Street

C. NESTLÉ  
Inventor of the Permanent Wave  
12 East 49th Street

OGILVIE SISTERS  
505 Fifth Avenue  
23 Rue de la Paix, Paris

LOUIS PARME  
18 West 57th Street

PIERRE  
28 West 57th Street

KATHLEEN MARY  
QUINLAN  
665 Fifth Avenue

The two coiffures shown here are taken from the ones given in our book on beauty and hair dress, called "Charm."



## THE MEN WHO WRITE THE HITS

(Continued from page 10)

of Stanislavsky and his company. When two actors on the stage in a play he presents glance at each other, while other characters are speaking, that glance is significant, pregnant with meaning. It is intended to convey to the audience a fleeting impression or mood of the moment.

"Occasionally an actor tells me that a certain character in one of my plays is not doing the logical thing under a certain condition. 'He would act so and so, not thus and so,' argues the actor. 'How do you know?' 'Because any man would react that way in a case like this.'

"But that's not true. Human beings are illogical. They are always doing the unexpected. You cannot treat them like puppets, jerk the strings, and expect them to go through with their tricks. That's not life."

"Of course, there are certain compromises to be made in play-writing. Take the question of happy endings. People want them. This is a naïve, kindly quality. They do not like to leave the theatre feeling that the men and women with whom they have just shared a few hours are not destined for ultimate happiness. They earnestly desire them to be happy. This is a divine and compassionate impulse. So we very often give our plays happy endings."

There arose the discussion of Spectatorship in play-writing.

"The shadow of the author must never fall across the play," declared Mr. Kelly. "Whenever I see myself obtruding into my play, I change the pattern. One of the reasons I am fond of *The Mill on the Floss* is because it is a perfect example of the author's detachment. George Eliot does not reveal even her sex in her writings. Hers is the logic and philosophy of the man. Only in the last line of her story, when her bit of womanly sentiment cannot injure the completed tale, does she drop the personal mood."

Then came the note of *weltschmerz* into the gaily garrulous George Kelly's scintillating observations:

"A writer can achieve complete detachment only when life for him is over. He has suffered all that it is possible for a human being to suffer. He withdraws from life. Stands aloof. In spirit he is truly only a spectator. The play of life goes on all about him. But he is a creature completely apart. He looks on and sees every slight move of the throng below."

Was this note of world-woe a cynicism, a gesture? Or is George Kelly really much younger than he

appears? Only a very young person talks like this and expects to be taken seriously. Real *weltschmerz* coils about the heart, hidden, silent.

Mr. Kelly was non-committal about the plays he is going to write in future and about the one he is working on now. But he confessed that they would all be tinged a bit with satire. He also admitted that they would not all be comedies. He likes to do serious plays. Paradoxical as it may sound, Mr. Kelly had a serious idea he wanted to put over when he wrote *The Show-Off*, which many admirers insist should have won the Pulitzer prize.

"The problem of marriage among the young and poor interested me," he explained. "I knew that there were many young couples living around in attics whose marriages were doomed to destruction. I heard about some of them by talking to my mother's housekeeper and to maids in the homes of relatives and friends of mine. I was constantly hearing about a young girl in the same social set as the Show-Off, who was planning to return to the parental roof because she was tired of trying to make \$25 a week do the work of \$100. When the first glamour of love and marriage vanished, those poor innocents had nothing to sustain them. Devoid of intellectuality, wisdom, humor, struggling to keep their attic homes going, the mediocrity of their existence seemed appalling to me. That's what prompted me to write a play about them."

Mr. Kelly was born in Philadelphia. For ten years he was an actor. He appeared in *Woman Proposes*, by Paul Armstrong, and many vaudeville sketches. Then he began writing vaudeville sketches himself, and continued this for five years. He wrote *Finders Keepers* and played the lead in it. He also wrote *The Flattering Word*. On his return from France, after the war, he created his first long play, *The Torch-Bearers*, a satirical play, which was quickly followed with the phenomenal hit, *The Show-Off*. It took him three months to write this typically American comedy.

At the close of the interview, Mr. Kelly demonstrated his naïveté by asking:

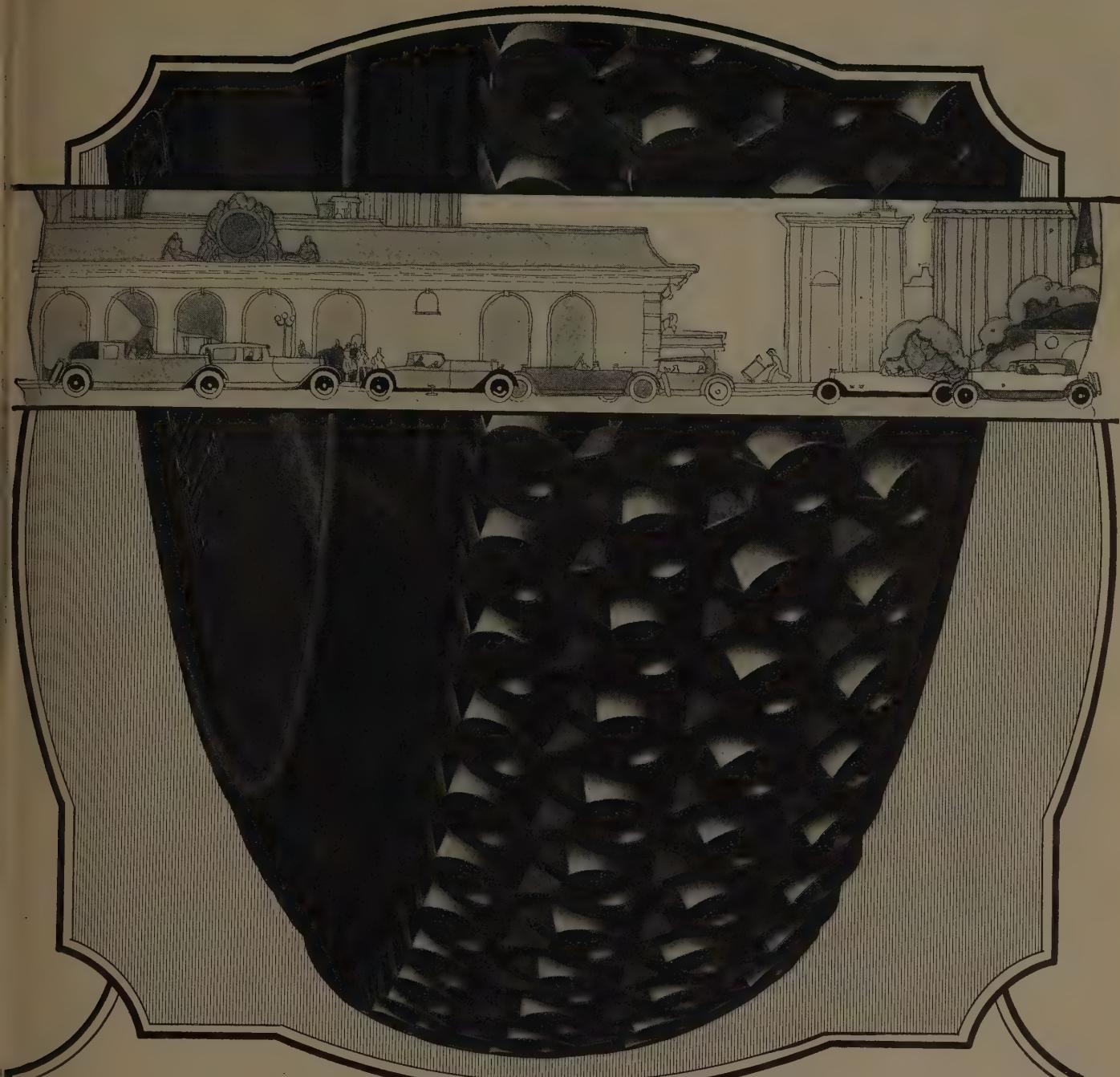
"How are you going to co-ordinate all this chatter? What are you going to write about? How are you going to begin the article?"

Then came the disarming japey:

"I suppose you are impelled to answer in the words of the Show-Off's mother-in-law:

"You needn't try to make an impression. The only impression any of us makes is the true one."

*Cavera is a beauty, but not a chorus one. In the June issue she was mentioned as a beauty of the "Vogues" ensemble, while she really is a featured dancer. We beg Cavera's pardon and congratulate her on her forthcoming engagement with the "Passing Show."*



## An Outstanding Success

LESS than a year ago—backing them with the experience of twenty years devoted to the production of quality tires—we introduced, as the finest product of the tire builder's craft, Tuxedo Vacuum Cup Tires.

The enthusiastic reception they have been accorded by motorists everywhere has taxed our production facilities.

Do you buy "just tires," or do you buy mileage?

# TUXEDO VACUUM CUP TIRES

PENNSYLVANIA RUBBER CO. OF AMERICA, INC., Jeannette, Pennsylvania

## THE THEATRE OF THE FUTURE

(Continued from page 13)

of a French play which he has adapted for his own audiences under the title of *The Earth Rearing*. It is a crude, vulgar piece, which ridicules international politics, and ends on an unexpectedly tragic note, with an old babushka, whose son had been killed fighting for the revolution, pledging her grandson to the cause of the people. It is interesting partly on account of the spectators, who are mostly workers and students recruited from the working class, partly on account of the typical Meyerholdian setting, and chiefly on account of the insistence upon a mechanical civilization.

As usual the play opens late. When we arrived at the theatre the crowd was walking around the outer corridor like trained squirrels in a hot cage. We went in to find an empty auditorium and an uncurtained stage, with a moving-picture screen above it.

The visible properties consisted of a three-tiered skeleton of a building, a plow, and what looked like a sprayer. When the play began the screen came into action, flashing revolutionary slogans, such as "Proletarians of the world unite!" "Religion is the opium of the people!" "The Communist front must be maintained!" The play was dedicated to Trotzky, and when his picture appeared on the screen there was loud applause, whistling and stamping of feet.

Several typewriters, some telephones and two motorcycles which dashed up the center aisle onto the stage and back again at intervals were like recurrent themes in a symphony of mechanization. The costumes were like nothing so much as overalls. Indeed, the problem of perfecting a practical uniform engages Meyerhold as well as Moscow's "constructionist tailors."

There was very little acting—the rhetoric was reminiscent of the barnstormer, and the humor could only be paralleled for coarseness in time of Rome's decay, as, for example, the episode in which His Majesty publicly relieved himself. Yet in the same piece occurred the Red funeral march, which filled the streets of the city all during the week of mourning for Lenin, while the conventional red coffin was borne across the stage, and the effect was genuinely moving. Ever and again the noise and speed of the motorcycle, like the spirit of the machine appearing in a cloud of dust, flashed upon the sense.

The same intention and the same effect is evident at the theatre of the Proletkult: an organization of the workers devoted to the promotion of their cultural life—a theatre on which Meyerhold keeps an avuncular eye.

Where we want plays, Meyerhold and his *confrères* want propaganda. Where we expect a theatre, Meyerhold denies the theatre and demands the factory and the public thoroughfare for his stage. Where we ask for the spirit of play, for imagination, for

beauty, Meyerhold requires a spirit of severe effort—standardization, practicality. Where our audience would leave the theatre purged by pity and terror, or more often, agreeably titillated, Meyerhold asks that his audience should go away exploding with energy and armed with resistance. Trotzky has said that "the passion for the best sides of Americanism will accompany the first phase of every young socialistic society." Meyerhold's program gives point to the Commissar's observation. Together with the group of "Left front" artists, this *régisseur* is interested not in art, but in the mechanical processes which govern our industrialized order. He does not want to hold the mirror up to nature, but to stimulate the processes of production which exploit nature.

Meyerhold leans forward. His fingers press hard upon the table. This man who once lifted a lilac banner with a painted harlequin over his theatre, who once draped his stage with gorgeous cloths, and filled it with perfumes and music, who was the chief purveyor to the phantoms and mystics—this man anathematizes all the enchantments of lighting and color, all the subtleties of psychological drama. The actor must no longer go made up, costumed, and masked, but he must appear as a man, in all his humanity, taking his part in the community life, and so either a prosecutor or a pleader, splitting the audience into two hostile camps. He must exhibit the perfect man in his labor processes in the industrialized modern world. "Bio-mechanics" is the vague, if high sounding term, that Meyerhold likes to use in speaking of the way he trains his actors to this end.

Like most directors, Meyerhold claims that the texts he wants are still unwritten. Perhaps the nearest approach to what he asks of a text is Mayakovsky's *Mystery-Bouffé*, a cross between an old mystery play and a satire on contemporary history—the piece which Meyerhold put on to celebrate the first anniversary of the revolution in 1918, the year when he himself became a Communist. As he looks toward the future his face changes, his gestures grow larger and more vague, his words come gropingly. He foresees the downfall of the theatre and the evanishment of the actor, but he foresees also the rise of a noble pageantry and the flowering of a perfect race of men. Meyerhold conceives of mankind escaping from physical and moral deformity, and celebrating in mass processions the glory of the common life.

Certainly those who have seen the involuntary pageants of the Russians, with their banners and bon-fires, their stamping horses, and their singing folk, look, not without hope, to the unimaginable festivals with which Meyerhold would greet the rising day.



Loge of Japanese Garden, 96th St and Broadway, New York City

Recently reseated with American Seating Company Ball-Bearing, Upholstered, Interlocking Loge Theatre Chairs

## The Loge— A Neglected Source of Profit

TRADITION has no doubt much to do with the failures of theatre managers to consider the seating of their loge sections from the same business point of view as the rest of the house. It is regarded as a thing apart.

Thus loges are generally furnished in either of two extremes—either with great overstuffed easy chairs that are delightfully welcome in front of a fireplace in the home or in the lobby of a hotel, but were certainly never intended for theatre chairs. Or they are equipped with as many chairs of restaurant or dining room variety as can possibly be crowded into the loge space. Neither provide comfort, convenience or pleasure to your patrons or profit to you.

Our upholstered theatre chairs, with interlocking standards and ball-bearing seat hinges, are perfectly adapted for loge seatings. They embody all the requirements of comfort, sturdiness and beauty to make your loge a dependable source of pleasure to your patrons and of real profit to you.

*The reseating of your loge as of your entire house can be accomplished by us without disturbing your regular business one hour. Write us about it.*

## American Seating Company

NEW YORK  
117 W. 40th Street

BOSTON  
79-D Canal Street

CHICAGO  
18 E. Jackson Blvd.

PHILADELPHIA  
707-250 S. Broad Street



Simplified setting for *The Mikado*, produced under the supervision of Ralph E. Smalley, by the Mechanic Arts High School, St. Paul, Minn.

## PLAY PRODUCING IN HIGH SCHOOLS

### *An Important Announcement*

*Concerning*

## The Amateur Stage Department

A SERIES of constructive and informative articles concerning Play Production in High Schools will be a monthly feature of The Amateur Stage Department of THEATRE MAGAZINE, beginning with the October issue. Clarence Stratton, Author of "Producing in Little Theatres" and Director of English, Cleveland Board of Education, will contribute the first four of the series, and Ralph Smalley, Mechanic Arts High School, St. Paul, will discuss Stagecraft, and Simplified Lighting and Setting in the last two articles of the series. All will be illustrated with sketches and photographs. This series will include:

#### ***The Value of High School Dramatics***

A plea for adequate play-producing facilities in educational institutions.

#### ***Plays That May Be Successfully Produced on the Average High School Stage***

A properly chosen play is an assured success before your first rehearsal. Here you will find invaluable suggestions regarding suitable full-length and one-act plays.

#### ***Adequate Stages in High Schools***

What may be offered where stages are carefully planned and equipped, including a list of out-of-the-ordinary plays not usually done in high schools, but nevertheless quite appropriate.

#### ***High Schools That Have Made Notable Contributions to the Amateur Stage***

A consideration of their work with scenes from their plays.

#### ***Stagecraft in the High Schools***

Consideration of ways and means. Designs and descriptions of screen treatment for *Twelfth Night*.

#### ***Lighting and Setting***

Detailed staging of *The Road to Yesterday* and one or two light operas. A consideration of the fundamentals of simplified setting and lighting. Beautiful effects obtained with a minimum of effort and expenditure.

#### **A Series of helpful and practical suggestions of vital importance to High School instructors**

*To be sure of your copies place your order with your newsdealer, or better, subscribe now*

35c a copy

Theatre Magazine, 2 West 45th Street, New York

\$4.00 the year

## EXPRESSING WILLIE

(Continued from page 28)

**FRANCES:** (*opening the door slowly*): May I—just for a moment? (*Willie is too appalled to speak.*) I came to beg a cigarette—one of those delicious ones you gave me out of your own case. (*She comes in—leaving the door open—exotic in her négligée—her bare feet in sandals.*)

**WILLIE** (*very nervous about the open door*): A—a—

**FRANCES:** Oh, the door! Do you want it shut? There! (*She closes it and leans back on it.*) It is cosier—isn't it? Oh—aren't our personal rooms interesting! And how they do express us! This is absolutely *you*—strong and austere.

Willie nervously gives her a cigarette—the case to “take along” with her—but Frances is not so easily got rid of. She blows the smoke playfully in his face, and then sinks luxuriously into a chair, assuring him that this is a “real moment . . . away from the stupid treadmill.” Making him sit on the cushion at her feet, she tries to revive the spirit of the tête-à-tête interrupted earlier in the evening, but Willie is strangely unresponsive and distract . . .

**MINNIE** (*knocking on the door*): Let me out, Willie! (*A pause—she rattles the knob.*) Let me out so you can tell her the truth. (*They rise and stand petrified for a moment.*) Let me out, Willie!

**FRANCES:** Oh! (*She rushes to the hall door in ignominious terror.*)

**WILLIE** (*running after her and stopping her*): Wait! Wait! I say. Don't you go.

**FRANCES:** That woman's there. How dare you let *me* come into this room!

**WILLIE:** Now wait!— You—I—She—

**MINNIE** (*pounding on the door*): Open the door, Willie!

Willie opens the closet door and Minnie comes out. Frances is majestic in her wrath, and explanations are useless. “It's all loathsome and hideous! . . . I might have known how common you are,” she says to Willie, and declaring that she shall leave the house as early as possible in the morning, she sweeps out. Minnie tries to reassure Willie by saying that Frances was too hurt and angry to care what she said, but her shafts have gone home and Willie is livid with rage... “She came to *get me*,” he says, and at Minnie's horrified denial he exclaims: “They're expressing themselves all right and nothing but themselves—the whole business is self . . .”

**WILLIE:** You think I'm only a cheap imitation of them. If I am they *need* me. If they've got what I want I've got what *they* want and they'll come to me and eat the dust to get it.

**MINNIE:** You're falling down, Willie. You're falling “down. Pick yourself up again. Be big and go to her. You never needed to be so big in your life as you do at this minute.

**WILLIE:** I don't give a damn whether I'm big or little.

**MINNIE:** This is twice I've humiliated you and disgraced you. It can't be. I'm going to get at her.

**WILLIE:** No, you won't. (*They both speak at the same time—excitedly.*)

**MINNIE:** I'm going to make her believe me. I'm going to tell her everything.

**WILLIE:** Nothing on earth could make her believe you. She'll insult you again. I won't have it.

**MINNIE:** You're not going to lose her because of anything I've done. That's too horrible. She shan't go out of this house. She shan't. I won't let her. Oh, Willie, you are a great man—you are—you've got to be. Show them you are. They don't appreciate you. Even your mother doesn't. They think your house is too big for you. You show them you're bigger than your house and more powerful than your money.

There is greatness in you. *Get it out.* (*She shakes him vigorously by the shoulders and hurries out.*)

**ACT III.** Eight o'clock the following morning. Minnie comes down in a great state of excitement, determined to stop Frances going away without an explanation; as soon as the latter appears Minnie begs her to listen, but Frances is obdurate, whereupon Minnie declares she must tell the whole thing to the house-party. Frances is horrified, and tells Minnie she will be ruined . . . Dolly, George and Taliaferro come down the steps in their riding clothes and are amazed to see Frances down “at this ungodly hour.” Minnie tries to tell them about “last night,” but Frances won't let her get very far. Mrs. Smith comes in; they all introduce themselves, and Frances apologizes for having to hurry off by saying, “I thought no one would be down so early.”

**MRS. SMITH:** I'm an early riser and a poor sleeper myself. Last night I was unusually wide awake.

**FRANCES** (*slightly startled*): Oh, really?

**MRS. SMITH:** That's why I went in to see Willie so early this morning—to see how he could explain some of the —freedom—I seemed to feel in the air last night.

**FRANCES:** And did he?

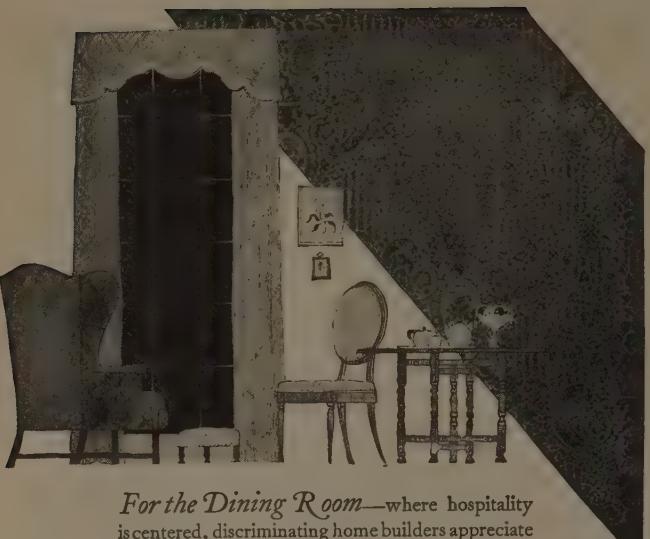
**MRS. SMITH:** He did a good deal of talking—but he didn't explain much.

**TALIAFERRO:** If you felt something strange in the air last night, dear lady, you evidently got a vibration. Quite simple . . . A very remarkable thing happened here in this room. You must have felt something lifted—released.

**MRS. SMITH:** I certainly felt something let loose. . . . A very remarkable thing happened in another room—too, last night . . . (*Looking at Frances.*)

**FRANCES** (*beginning to be very uncomfortable, but keeping her poise*): You must be a bit of a mystic—you seen

(Concluded on page 62)



*For the Dining Room*—where hospitality is centered, discriminating home builders appreciate Peerless Fabrics.

They create an atmosphere of distinction usually associated with old-world craftsmanship.

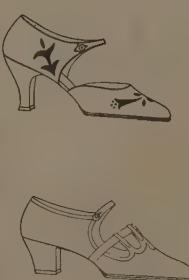
So painstaking is their process of manufacture that they constitute a lasting investment for the beautification of any room.

OTTO JAEGER & SONS, INC.  
25 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK  
Wholesale Distributors



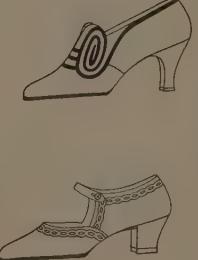
770 MISSION STREET  
SAN FRANCISCO

32 SO. WABASH AVENUE  
CHICAGO



### Exclusive Footwear

CUSTOM-MADE      READY-TO-WEAR  
IN ALL COLOR COMBINATIONS



**Rossiter Shoes Inc.**  
515 Madison Avenue  
At 53rd Street.

# A Book That No Amateur Group Can Do Without



## PRODUCING IN LITTLE THEATRES

BY CLARENCE STRATTON

The fullest, most up-to-date and helpful book on play producing; over seventy pictures of stage settings and scenes from plays successfully produced by amateur groups.

### Chapters From the Book

Interest in Dramatic Production	Creating the Stage Picture
Organizing an Amateur Group	Costumes and Make-up
Choosing the Play	Lighting
Some Specimen Programs	Experimenting
Rehearsing the Play	Educational Dramatics
Artistic Amateur Settings	Annotated List of Two Hundred Plays for Amateurs

### What the Reviewers Say

*Brander Matthews in New York Times:* "A model manual, sane and sensible, helpful and practical . . . A word of praise must be given to the many illustrations . . . selected to adorn this book. . . . Immediately helpful."

*New York Literary Review:* "The most important book for the small stage and one of the most practical additions to theatrical literature for some time past."

*St. Louis Star:* "The amateur producer is bound to appreciate these pages particularly."

*Hartford Courant:* "It is impossible to over-estimate the value of this book as a practical and stimulating help."

## YOU CAN GET THIS BOOK FREE

"Producing in Little Theatres" sells at \$2.90. You can get this invaluable book FREE with two yearly subscriptions—either two new, or an extension of your own subscription and one new subscription.

### GRASP THIS OPPORTUNITY

Theatre Magazine,  
2 West 45th St., New York.

Gentlemen:

I enclose herewith \$8.00, for which please enter the following subscriptions and send me a copy of Clarence Stratton's book, "Producing in Little Theatres," FREE.

.....  
My Name.....

My Address.....

Foreign custom duties extra



Exprimant la personnalité qu'il adore  
Expressing the personality he adores

*Le N'aimez que Moi*  
(love only me)

*Le Cabac blond*

*Nuit de Noel*

(Christmas Eve)  
by the creators of

*Narcisse Noir*  
(black narcissus)

*Caron*

10 Rue de la Paix

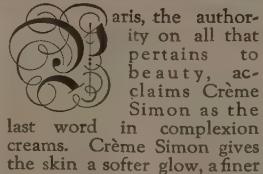


Caron CORPORATION  
389 Fifth Avenue, New York



# Crème Simon

*the most widely used crème in France*



aris, the authority on all that pertains to beauty, proclaims Crème Simon as the last word in complexion creams. Crème Simon gives the skin a softer glow, a finer

texture—an almost translucent loveliness that defies description and surely cannot be attained with ordinary creams. As the Parisienne says, "It idealizes the complexion." Will you try it? Three sizes—60c to \$1.65.

Also, Poudre Simon—an adherent face powder that is just as good as the Crème

**FREE** sample tube if you mail this coupon to Maurice Lévy,  
120 West 41st Street, New York.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_



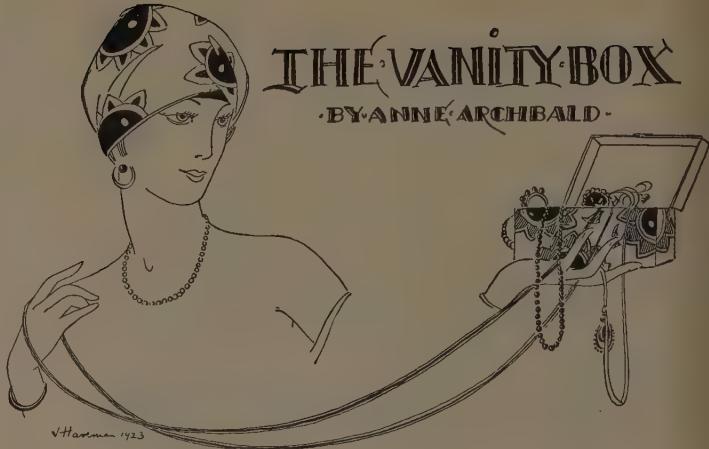
## The FLANDERS

OCEAN CITY, N.J.

AMERICAN PLAN

A new fireproof structure of 232 rooms, each with lavatory, toilet and bath facilities. Thoroughly modern, beautifully appointed, and has an ideal location directly on the Boardwalk at Eleventh Street. All outside rooms. Solariums. Open porches overlook ocean and pool. Sunken Garden where refreshments will be served from The Flanders' Fountain. Fine open-air pool and bath department with lockers. Golf, tennis, riding, swimming, yachting, fishing and other outdoor sports.

J. HOWARD SLOCUM, President-Manager  
For seven years Manager "The Greenbrier," White Sulphur Springs, West Virginia



## THE VANITY BOX

BY ANNE ARCHIBALD

vHarman 1923

WE were seated side by side with Florence Shirley at lunch—Florence Shirley whom perhaps you remember as the principal wife in *Why Men Leave Home* and who is now the enchanting little bride in *The Locked Door*, at the Cort Theatre, the latest of the bedroom comedies. The place was Voisin's on Park Avenue . . . and our seats were chosen strategically near the door, with a view to its being a point of vantage for over-looking arrivals and departures.

Luncheon is a popular hour with the smart *monde* at Voisin's. But Miss Shirley and I both confessed to being in an extra critical mood that day and agreed that very few were going to be able to "get by" us. No, that black and white coat didn't go . . . good enough when it first came out, but now *passé* . . . Nor the tan model either . . . The black hat was rather chic, didn't we think? But look, the tall, slender lady in the all-grey outfit just entering . . . perfectly stunning! Who was she? Her face was perfectly familiar, but for a second we did not recognize her. Then we looked at each other and smiled. For we saw that she was one of our best-known actresses.

"No wonder we didn't recognize her at first," said Miss Shirley, "she didn't look like that six months ago, the last time we met her. Did you see her then?"

We certainly had. Then the lady had been overfat, to say the least, particularly as to those two features of the back and the bust, which are death to a youthful appearance. Now she was the slender youthful vision we had just remarked. Mustn't a double chin and an overdeveloped bust be two of the greatest miseries, we said. So many women otherwise slender were afflicted with the latter, and what more agefying than a double or a sagging chin!

"But let me tell you," said Miss Shirley à propos of the actress. "An intimate friend of hers was telling about her only the other day. I am so glad to have seen with my own eyes how wonderful she looks, and to know that the story is true. A very remarkable beauty specialist here in New York wrought all that change, that slenderness you saw, a beauty specialist not much known outside of an exclusive circle . . . but she certainly accomplishes marvels."

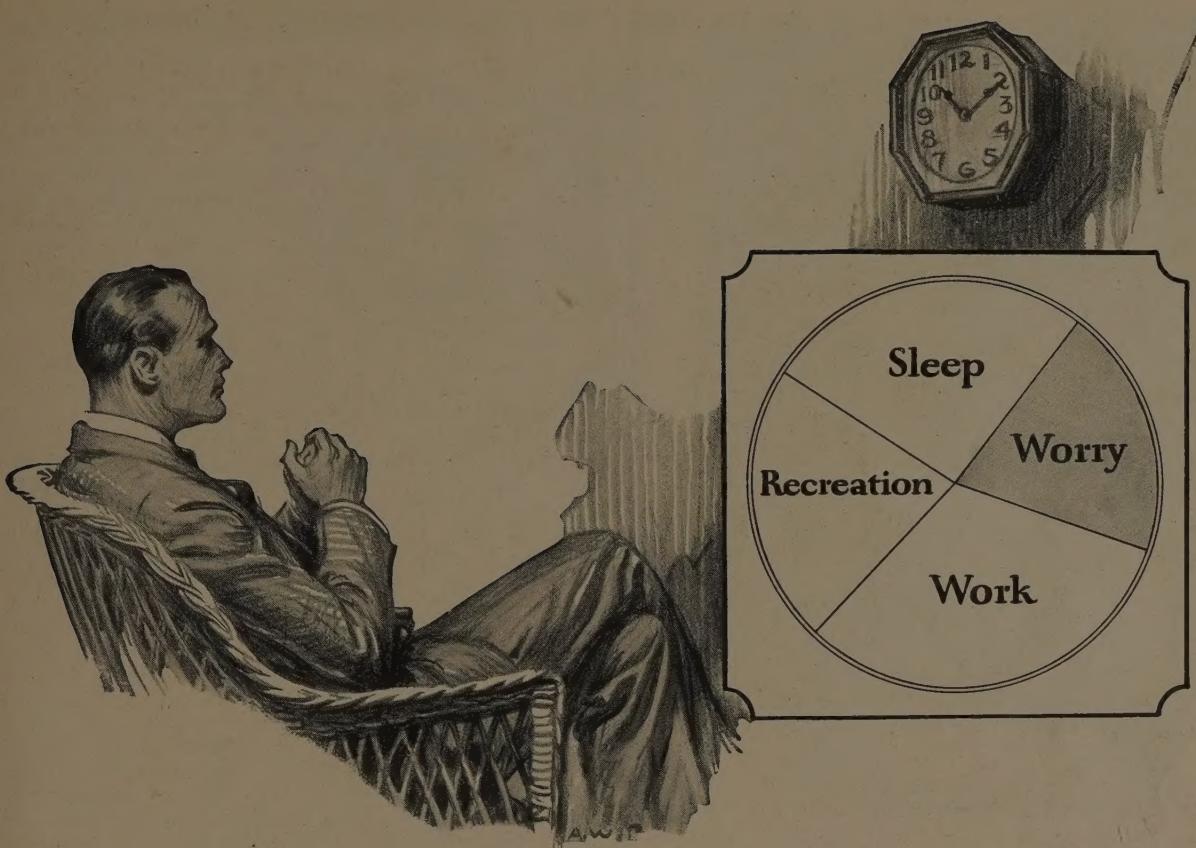
Miss Shirley related the story as we went on with lunch. And having enthused us with it, and given us the name and address of the specialist as well, we decided to drop in there on our way downtown.

In a studio building off the Avenue we found the most charming of personal quarters, with no suggestion of "business," even of beauty, about it, and presided over by an equally charming person, looking much too young to be capable of all the things credited to her.

"Yes, certainly Miss ——" (the actress mentioned above) "had been her client. As to herself . . . so far as her work was concerned she had all she could do. Her *récital* was by word of mouth. She could take only a few women at a time, and as soon as their friends cast a look at their different appearance after the treatment, the places left vacant immediately filled up. What she wanted to do now was to reach the women out of town, the women who couldn't take her treatments in person. She had two really marvelous preparations, one for reducing the bust, and the other for reducing a double chin, or taking away a sagging neck line. She would like to start by introducing those to the outside world.

"For those women who bought these preparations in town—they were on sale now in several department stores as well as at her place—she would give a special consultation and advice free. And for those out of town she had prepared a chart to be filled out, and would keep in touch with them by mail, giving advice and cheer until the chin or bust conditions were overcome. It wasn't a 'get-rich-quick method,' but it was oh so scientific, and so sure!"

(For the name of the Beauty Specialist having the Chin Reducing and the Bust Reducing Preparation, and their price, write The Vanity Box, CARE THEATRE MAGAZINE, 2 West 45th Street, New York City.)



## How much of your day is worry?

EVERY DAY has twenty-four hours. The richest man has no more time, the poorest has no less. And all men must divide their days into three main divisions—Work, Recreation, Sleep.

But there is a *fourth* division. In proportion as you get rid of it, you add to your income, your standing and your peace of mind. In proportion as you give way to it, you find it spreading like a cancer over the three main divisions of your time.

Its name is Worry.

Effective work cannot be done by men whose minds are wandering in futile concern about their bills, their business positions, their futures. No man can benefit from his round of golf or his evening at home with a book if he is really far away—fearing a pressing creditor, or tomorrow's work.

And if worry follows you to bed

at night—then, indeed, you have little chance for happiness or even physical health.

There is a way out. There is an outside influence ready to help you reduce the hours or minutes that worry steals away from you. There is an outside influence that has made the lives of 200,000 other men happier as well as more prosperous.

Its name is the Alexander Hamilton Institute.

You have read about it as a training for ambitious men. Think of it now in another way—think of it as an agency that will banish the needless worry out of your days.

If it is more income you need—the Alexander Hamilton Institute has helped *every* conscientious subscriber to earn more money. Many have doubled and tripled their salaries in one year. If you need a better, more dignified,

more permanent position—trust the business judgment of the 27,000 Presidents who have enrolled.

Here is a curious fact to which 200,000 Institute men can testify. The very moment you tear off the coupon at the foot of this page, you will feel the satisfaction that comes from having taken a step forward—a step that may be a decisive one in your life.

Tear it off now, and hold it in your hand for a moment. Say to yourself:

"If I mail this coupon, *something* is going to happen; an outside influence is going to work in my behalf. I am going to find out whether it can do for me what it has done for so many others. *I am going to mail this coupon today*—and receive the Definite Plan of Business Progress which it promises.

Do that one thing *now*.

**Alexander Hamilton Institute**  
977 Astor Place      New York City

Send me "Forging Ahead in Business" which I may keep without obligation.

Name \_\_\_\_\_ Please write plainly  
Business Address \_\_\_\_\_



Business Position \_\_\_\_\_

*Alexander Hamilton Institute, Limited, C. P. R. Building, Toronto  
Australian Address, 42 Hunter Street, Sydney*

*Copyright, 1923, Alexander Hamilton Institute*

## EXPRESSING WILLIE

(Concluded from page 58)

to be very psychic—so sensitive to conditions.

MRS. SMITH: I have very good hearing and eyesight—if that's what you mean.

Minnie announces that she went to Willie's room "to tell him something," which couldn't wait till morning. Mrs. Smith is scandalized. Minnie describes the whole scene, amid shrieks of laughter, and says that Frances came "to help Willie express himself." MINNIE: . . . He couldn't because I was there. So I pounded on the door and told him to let me out.

DOLLY: Never! I can believe anything but that.

TALIAFERRO: You told him to let out the truth. (*They laugh again.*)

MINNIE: Stop laughing. Mrs. Sylvester was angry. She didn't believe I was there for a good reason. (*To Frances*): You said you felt something out of the past between Willie and me. There was something. When we were very young we were going to be married—but we weren't right for each other. He went away, and I've never even seen him until now—when they asked me to come—just because they were kind. (*Willie comes into the entrance—no one sees him.*)

I knew the moment I saw you, you were what he'd wanted all his life—but I knew you didn't appreciate him. He's big! He's wonderful! Oh, he is! I told him he was throwing away his happiness by not letting you see how—how good he is. What if I did do it in the wrong way? Why can't you believe me? (*To the others*):

Can't you make her see it couldn't be what she thinks? (*To Frances*): Why can't you believe me? How can you help it? Why doesn't the truth in you see the truth in me? (*She sees Willie.*) Oh, Willie—don't let her go! Try—try to make her stay! (*She rushes out to hide her tears.*) . . .

WILLIE (coming down the steps and speaking with a very quiet firmness.) This is a pretty good time to put our-

selves to the test—isn't it? To see if we know the truth when we hear it?

"I believe in William," says Frances, and telling the butler to take her luggage out of the car, she goes to her room, and says she will see Willie "in a very little while." They all congratulate him on the conquest he has made, but Willie assures them it isn't what they think . . . Taliaferro sings Minnie's praises, and Mrs. Smith says she'll send her down to talk to him . . .

MRS. SMITH: And you keep your eye on her, Willie. You began it. You're responsible . . . Minnie's been bottled up a good many years. When she pops—look out! (*She goes out.*)

Minnie appears, and Taliaferro greets her with enthusiasm, and tells her she "must get to the great teachers in Europe." Willie gives him to understand he is butting in, and Taliaferro reluctantly goes off, saying, "And above all things don't let the commonplace drag you down. Au revoir, dear lady." Left alone with Minnie, Willie points out that even if she does become a great musician she will need someone to take care of her . . .

MINNIE: . . . No, I want to go.

WILLIE: I'm never going to stop till I get you.

MINNIE: This isn't right!

WILLIE: Right—hell! I want you. I'll be good to you. I'll make you happy. I'm going to give you the whole world. I'm crazy about you, Minnie. (*Kissing her.*)

MINNIE: Don't—please—please!

FRANCES (comes down the steps and stops in horrified amazement): Are you at it again?

MINNIE: He didn't mean it.

WILLIE: Certainly I mean it. I'm free. I've got wings and space and flight, and I'm going to fly, too!

FRANCES: What does this mean?

WILLIE: I'm expressing myself all right—and I'm going to keep right on . . . *Curtain*

**Majestic Hotel  
and  
RESTAURANTS**

**Copeland Townsend**

2 West 72nd St., New York  
Entire block fronting  
Central Park  
Tel. Endicott 1900

JUST outside the din and roar of city traffic, yet within quick reach of shops and theatres—That's the rare charm of the "House of Contentment." Here you enjoy the fascinating brilliancy of smart company in peerless surroundings. Distinctive service for banquets and social events under the personal direction of M. Edouard Panchard. Attractive brochure No. 4-B on request.

**The Catskills**  
The Land of Legend and Romance—  
The Joy of Trampers, Golfers and Fishermen

**REXMERE CLUB HOTEL**  
IN CONNECTION WITH

**CHURCHILL HALL**  
STAMFORD, N.Y.

TWO HOTELS WITH A SELECTED CLIENTELE  
BOOKLET WITH PICTURES SENT FREE

H.H. MASE, MANAGING DIRECTOR.

NOV. 1<sup>st</sup> TO APRIL 15<sup>th</sup> GRALYNN HOTEL  
MIAMI FLORIDA.

## LABLACHE

FACE POWDER

When summer days lure you vacation-ward, you must give thought to protection against sun and wind. Your skin will be grateful for the cool smoothness and delicate fragrance of Lablache. Safe, clinging—fifty years a favorite.

**Two Sizes, 50c and \$1.00**  
of druggists or by mail. Flesh, White, Pink or Cream. Sample Free.  
Refuse substitutes—they may be dangerous.

**Compact Lablache**  
Rouge, with puff, in handy size box,  
75c. Orange and Foncé (darker shade).

BEN LEVY CO.  
French Perfumers, Dept's  
125 Kingston St., Boston, Mass.



## Gray Hair Banished

USE this wonderful new liquid preparation that is highly praised by foremost Fifth Avenue Beauty Salons.

### HENALFA RAPIDE

Guaranteed to tint gray or faded hair any shade. Only one application needed. Takes less than five minutes to apply. No previous washing necessary. Will not stain the scalp nor rub off. Leaves hair soft and glossy. Not affected by washing. Every shade. Jet black to Golden Brown. Sent anywhere for \$2.10 postpaid. Nothing better at any price. Money refunded if not satisfactory.

**B. CLEMENT**  
Dept. T, 67 W. 49th St. New York, N.Y.  
Consultation and booklet free

## SEX PLAYS ON THE BOULEVARDS

(Continued from page 22)

Briefly and bluntly, in *L'Enfant*, Brieux proclaims the right of even what we would conventionally call a good girl or woman to become a mother without marrying or loving. In the last act of the play, the heroine—Pierrette Nizier—says to her mother, "Have you never heard of a man's having lived with a woman, without loving her, because he wanted to have a child?" The mother answers, unwillingly, "I have." "Then why," continues Pierrette, "should you ignore the fact that there are women who will live with men be-

cause they crave for children? What would you say of such a case?" To the delight of a majority in the audience at the Vaudeville, the reply is "I should call it a *cochonnerie!*"

Pierrette, still fighting for her theory, does not feel that it is in the least necessary, however desirable it may be, for her to accept his hand. But—she consents.

"I am right," she says. "But I am right too soon."

Society, as at present constituted, cannot accept her theory. Some day, perhaps, things will be different.

# Lord Jim's answer - -



"O course it's Ridgways!" That was Lord Jim's answer, too, my dear.

"It was after one of those glorious days of sport at Harrow that Lord Jim—or just plain Jim as I knew him—invited me to spend a week-end at his ancestral home in the shires.

"Imagine an aristocratic old place rooted in Elizabethian history and surrounded with spacious old-world gardens. Everywhere the warm time-mellowed atmosphere suggested a sincere welcome. It must have been the cheerfulness of the rugged hand-carved oak, the richness of the exquisite old tapestries, the smile of the rare old masters that appeared to beam from their frames, and the glow of the crystal chandeliers which hang to catch the fire-light. Then, too, even the echo of my feet seemed to call a cheery 'hello!' as I passed down the oak-beamed Tudor halls. Truly a home of quiet dignity and good-fellowship.

"When tea was served, we were seated by the leaded casement windows. In fact, tea time was like a rite to the gods of Good Cheer as soft-footed servants served the glorious brew in cups of Royal Worcester from a hand-wrought galleried silver tray.

"And such a cup of tea. Indeed, I even ventured this opinion to my host. "Oh, the tea—yes! Of course it's Ridgways, don't you know?"



Ridgways Teas  
Incorporated

ROYAL TEA  
MERCHANTS

Established at King William Street, in the city of London, in the year 1836, in the reign of King William the Fourth

### Our Get Acquainted Offer

FREE with our "Get Acquainted Offer" a large size Aluminum Tea Ball

If your dealer cannot supply you, send us his name and address and twenty-five cents and we will send you, postage paid, one quarter pound of choice Orange Label Tea and a large Aluminum Tea Ball free. Address Ridgways Teas, Inc., Dept. E, 60 Warren St., New York.

**Ridgways Teas Please**

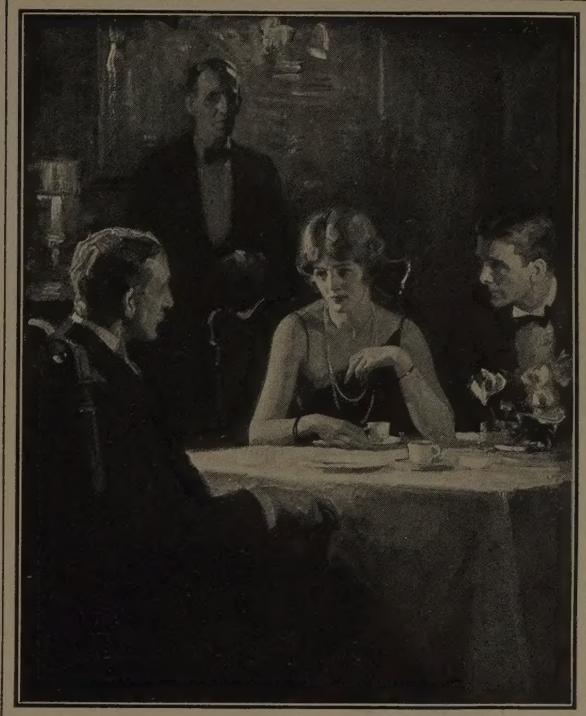
### NOTICE

Theatre Magazine will pay 50c. a copy for April, 1916, October, 1918, and September, 1919, if in good condition. If you have these numbers and wish to dispose of them, send them to

THE CIRCULATION DIRECTOR  
THEATRE MAGAZINE

2 WEST 45th STREET

NEW YORK



### To Reveal Hair Loveliness

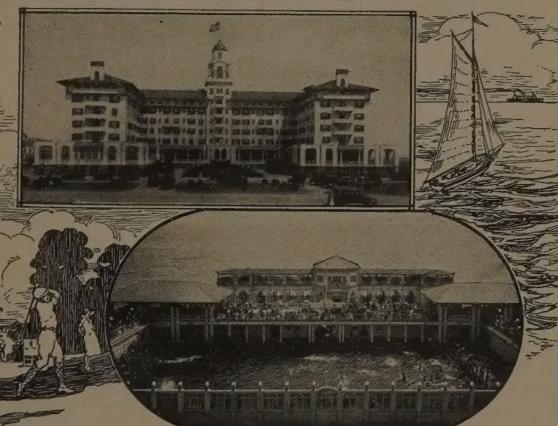
Beautiful hair is healthy hair—well nourished, vital, brilliant. Packer's Liquid Shampoo is made for the woman who wishes to maintain her hair at its best, to give it the help of regular and safe shampoos. In large bottles at all Drug and Department Stores.

## The NEW MONTEREY

NORTH ASBURY PARK, N. J.  
Directly on the Ocean

*The Resort Hotel Pre-Eminent*

American Plan Capacity 500 Opens June 28th  
New Jersey's Most Beautiful a la Carte Grill-Room



HOT AND COLD SEA WATER IN ALL ROOMS

Golf That Makes You Play Your Best

Interesting Social Life. Daily Concerts and Dancing

New Swimming Pool Adjoining Fine Ocean Bathing

SHERMAN DENNIS, Manager

NEW YORK OFFICE, 383 Madison Ave. Telephone, Van. 4990

McDonnell & Co.—Members New York Stock Exchange

On "The New Jersey Tour, A Road of Never-Ending Delight"

Winter Resort—THE MASON—St. Petersburg, Fla.

## SCHOOLS

## SCHOOLS



## NED WAYBURN

"The man who staged the best editions of the Follies and 500 other Revues, Musical Comedies and Vaudeville Acts"

Complete Courses in All Types of DANCING

For Health, Beauty and Grace... for Amateur Theatricals... for Private Home Entertainments

Private Lessons or Classes for Adults or Children  
Special Advanced Instruction for Teachers  
Children's Classes Saturday Mornings

## NED WAYBURN

Studios of Stage Dancing, Inc.

1841 Broadway (Entrance on 60th St.) New York City Phone Columbus 3500  
Open 9 a.m. to 10 p.m. [except Saturday evenings and Sundays]

## AMERICAN ACADEMY OF DRAMATIC ARTS

Founded 1884 by FRANKLIN H. SARGENT

Board of Trustees:

Daniel Frohman Augustus Thomas  
John Drew Benjamin F. Roeder

The Leading Institution in America for Dramatic Art and Expressional Training

Fully equips for ACTING, TEACHING, DIRECTING  
Develops Poise, Power, Personality  
for any vocation in life  
New Fall Class enrolling for October 27th

Also Extension Dramatic Courses in Co-operation with

COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY

Catalogue describing all courses from Room 172-V CARNEGIE HALL, NEW YORK

## DRAMA INSTITUTE

of the

Inter-Theatre Arts School of Acting and Production  
INTER-THEATRE ARTS, INC.  
42 COMMERCE ST., NEW YORK CITY  
Winter Term: Nov. 10, 1924 to May 8, 1925

## School of the Theatre

THRESHOLD PLAYHOUSE

DIRECTORS

Clare Tree Major George Arliss  
Walter Hampden Elsie Ferguson  
Rachel Crothers Frank Craven

Six months' stock experience before graduation.

Dancing, Singing, voice technique,

Costume, Make-up, Shakespeare,

Playwriting, etc.

For term opens October 6th

For catalog address "The Director,"

1230 Fifth Ave., New York City



## PERFECT FRENCH

for the layman, as well as those in the Profession, acquired by conversing and reading with a Parisian lady.

M. J., c/o Theatre Magazine  
2 West 45th Street New York

## ALVIENE SCHOOL OF THEATRE

DRAMA OPERA SPEECH  
PHOTOPLAY STAGE DANCING SINGING

ARS  
EST 1894

The success of Alviene graduates is due to masterful instruction, stock theatre experience while learning, introducing students to New York audiences, plus an opportunity to work with famous stars. Among the Woffington fame: Roy Cochran, late with Ethel and John Barrymore's Claire de Lune Co., and Claude M. Allister, now with the famous London playgoer, Eleanor Painter, Taylor Holmes, Dorothy Astaire, Mary Nash, Florence Nash, Fred and Adele Astaire, Evelyn Laye, and many others. Those who desire to write while in study are directed to SECRETARY.

43 West 72d St. (Ext. 24), New York



Large List New Vaudeville, Acts, Stage Monologs, New Minstrel Choruses and Novelty Songs, Blackface After-pieces and Crossfire, Musical Comedies and Revues, Musical Readings, Novelty Entertainments, Wigs, Beards, Grease Paints and other Make-up Goods. ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE FREE. WRITE NOW.

T. S. Denison & Co., 623 So. Wabash, Dept. 70, Chicago

## The Schools On This Page

Each of the schools represented here offer their own special inducements to students with varied objectives and ambitions.

If you aspire to become a stage director, there is a school here that will fit you for that career.

If your talents run to the mechanics of the theatre and play production, to acting, dancing or any of the allied arts of the theatre, you will find open sesame to the achievement of your ambitions in one of the schools represented on this page.

Write them for their literature. It will be sent to you for the asking, and if you need any further information, write to

## Theatre Magazine

2 West 45th Street

New York

## NEW YORK'S MOST ECLECTIC CELLAR

(Continued from page 48)

terial for their reviews; newspaper writers exploring for the story different; Norman Bel Geddes, Ethel Barrymore, who came late and had to sit on the stairs; George Putnam, Lee Shubert, Beverly Sitgreaves, Mrs. Fisk, Alison Skipworth, Fred Arnold Kummer, F. Scott Fitzgerald and a host of others equally famous find that Triangle justifies its reputation for the unusual in dramatic fare.

Jacinto Benavente, on a recent visit here, paid tribute to Triangle in claiming it "the most interesting theatre in New York."

THE originator and guiding spirit of this theatrical studio is Miss Kathleen Kirkwood, former newspaper woman and artist. She can usually be seen after the performance mingling with her guests and discussing with them a diversity of subjects. She is a charming, talented young woman, whose fecundity and inventiveness are inexhaustible. In addition to creating the stage and lighting effects, choosing the plays and selecting the cast, she is general electrician, business manager and hostess. She has done some very clever things down at Triangle, and the fact that the theatre is in existence only a year and can already claim as members many of the élite of the literary and artistic world, is proof of the interest her work has aroused.

The Triangle Theater has done much to encourage the young and unknown playwright, besides affording an opportunity for the established artist to experiment with new ideas. The small stage is perfectly equipped for this purpose and carries an adaptation of the Reinhardt dome, with which some very beautiful lighting effects have been achieved. It is also a laboratory for the professional actor

who wishes to try different types of rôles, as well as for the young aspirant of the stage who receives valuable stock training. These players work without remuneration and on what William Archer has called the principle of "enthusiastic labor and sacrifice."

THE program usually consists of one-act plays, ballet, pantomime, impersonations, and sometimes a full-length play. Some of the most popular of Triangle's sketches have been "Outside Paradise," by Charles Saxby; "Noah, Jonah an' Cap'n John Smith," by Don Marquis; "Gas," by the Triangle Players; "So This Is Art," by Roy McCord; "The Bitter Fantasy," by Em Jo; "The Woman of Samaria," by Maurice Hanline; "Mammy Palaver," by Vera Simonton; "The World of the Insane," an original manuscript by Moishe Nadir, given in Yiddish; "The Other Woman," by Louise Closser Hale; "Very Much B. C.," "The Giant's Stair," by Wilbur Daniel Steele; "Fleurette & Co.," by Essex Dane; "Isolated," by John Loftus; "The Beggar," by James Kemper, and "Sintram of Skaggerack," by Sada Cowan, are a few that have been favorites with Triangle patrons.

Triangle is not a commercial institution. It does not aim to appeal to more than the small audience that the cellar can accommodate. It expends no money in advertising and depends for its existence solely on the interest of its members and friends. However, it shows no signs of fading into oblivion with its high ideals, but is steadily progressing by attracting more and more of the cultured theatregoers who can appreciate beauty blossoming under a sidewalk in Greenwich Village.

LILLIAN G. GENN.

## THE MAN BEHIND THE ACTORS

(Continued from page 9)

get and the atmosphere which he wishes to obtain, but he must obtain this by allowing the actor to be within limits a free agent.

One thing especially I detest and that is the star system. It is a system which, by exploiting personality, has twisted the play to the service of the star and has thus been false to life. After all, the play is the thing, and even the star is but the interpreter of the ideas of the playwright. Fortunately this system is on the decline and audiences no longer demand names but plays. This makes for truth and is one of the most encouraging things in the modern theatre. In the old days the director could not keep the play as a unit, for the desires of the star were always stepping in and upsetting the apple cart. To-day the producer can usually keep the play in its proper balance, give it a definite rhythm and a definite aim.

In this search for truth the actor must aid the producer and the playwright. Truth is not found in Broadway restaurants or in theatrical clubs. An actor or a producer must try in every way to meet all sorts of people and mingle with the life of the world rather than steep himself forever in the life of the theatre. It is far better for an actor to hold himself aloof and never be seen in public places than for him always to be meeting his fellow workers and talking shop. The place for an actor to be seen is on the stage. When he is not there let him be experiencing life in the broader meaning of the term, either by contact with his fellow beings or by improving his mind with study.

The actor or producer who is continually thinking or living theatre will be theatrical. It is impossible to divorce one's art from one's life.